



Daily Mirror



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One Halfpenny.

A WAR SCENE IN THE FAR EAST: JAPANESE AT
MOTIENLING PASS.



Battle scene in Motienling Pass: Colonel Baba, of the Japanese Army, directing operations at the firing line.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

THE CHIEF'S ROUND OF INSPECTION.



General Kuropatkin, accompanied by his staff, inspecting a store and baggage train.

FOR "MIRROR" GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE
ON SATURDAY NEXT.



Readers of the "Daily Mirror," who, on presentation of a coupon at the turnstiles, will be admitted free to the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, September 24, will have an opportunity of witnessing ascents by this balloon—the largest in the world. It has been specially constructed for the occasion by Messrs. Short Brothers, of Saville-street, Portland-place, W.

TWO FORTS TAKEN.

Another Step in the Struggle at Port Arthur.

BRAVE DEFENDERS.

General Stoessel's Tribute to His "Heroes."

No sign of surrender is shown by the heroic defenders of Port Arthur, despite the fact that the Japanese bombard the fortress daily.

That the garrison is active and vigorous is displayed by the fact that they are firing about a thousand shells daily, and in a recent battle the Japanese lost an entire regiment.

Mystery surrounds the movements of the Japanese approaching Mukden, and reconnaissance by the Russians have apparently failed to reveal their plan of attack.

It is believed, however, that the three Japanese armies are advancing on the City of Tombs in crescent formation, but whether the scene of the next great battle will be south or north of the ancient city is as yet uncertain.

"IN EXCELLENT SPIRITS."

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—General Stoessel reports to the Tsar:—

The enemy continues daily to bombard the forts and batteries inside the fortress, but still without showing any great activity.

The wounded are recovering, and eagerly resume their places in the ranks. They are heroes. The troops are in excellent spirits.

The garrison, on the night of the 16th, repelled two attacks made by the Japanese on the redoubt protecting the water works.

TWO FORTS CAPTURED.

A Chifu message says that a general attack on Port Arthur was made on Monday, when the Japanese captured two important forts.

The Russians have been firing approximately 1,000 shells daily.

During a recent battle the Japanese lost an entire regiment.

FORTY RUSSIAN WARSHIPS SAILING.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—An incoming vessel to-day reports having passed in the Gulf of Finland forty Russian warships in two columns steaming west.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

RETREAT NOT YET ENDED.

As the result of further reconnaissances, General Kuropatkin reports that the Japanese are occupying fortified positions, and are being reinforced.

Russian military authorities are of the opinion that General Kuropatkin will offer an obstinate resistance to the Japanese at Mukden.

Long convoys of stores, ammunition, and wounded continue to pass through Mukden to the north, so that the Russian retreat is not yet at an end.

The Japanese are relentlessly keeping up the pursuit, and all laggards are ruthlessly butchered.

RUSSIAN GENERAL'S SUICIDE.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Parisien" mentions a report that General Orloff has committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

General Orloff was accused of making an error in the battle of Liao-yang which necessitated the Russian retreat.

RUSSIAN BOY HERO.

Port Arthur has a boy, Nicolai Soyev, thirteen years of age, who has already received three medals for carrying dispatches at the risk of his life.

He always walks at night, hiding himself in the day.

During his first trip he had to keep hidden forty-eight hours consecutively as the Japanese threw a search-light across his path. He, however, reached Tachi-Tsao, took train to Liao-yang, and got his dispatches to General Kuropatkin.

He was rewarded with the Cross of St. George.

On returning to Port Arthur he fell into the hands of the Japanese. He escaped by seizing a horse, but was wounded in the shoulder as he rode off.

Hardly recovered from his wound he was off again, after receiving a medal from General Stoessel, and explored a Japanese camp at Tachi-Tsao. He brought back a sword and a portion of the breech of a Japanese cannon. He received for this achievement another medal.

WAR AGAINST COMMERCE.

In entering a protest against the decision of the Russian Prize Court regarding the cargo of the steamship Arabia, the American Government says:—

"If the principle declared by the Vladivostok Prize Court is acquiesced in, it obliterates all distinction between commerce in contraband and non-contraband goods; and is in effect a declaration of war against commerce of every description between the people of a neutral and those of a belligerent State."—Laffan.

LIBERAL "DULL DOGS."

Lord Rosebery Says He Is the Dullest of All.

Lord Rosebery has come early into the field for the political campaign of all parties that is promised to the country between now and Christmas.

His lordship was the principal speaker at a great Liberal gathering in the Corn Exchange, Lincoln, last evening.

He also attended a garden party in the afternoon, given by Lord and Lady Monson, in the grounds at Burton Hall. There were present a number of Liberal M.P.'s and candidates.

The following are points Lord Rosebery made in his speech in the evening:—

The reason why calamities are overtaking the Government and their supporters in the constituencies is that they are beginning to be found out.

The peculiarity about Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour's party is that they profess to be real free traders, not of the old-fangled type like Pitt and Peel, but new and more enlightened free traders.

The Government has become not a mere drawback but a danger to the country.

There is no proof that the Empire would be kept together by preferential tariffs, including a tax on food.

Until such proof is forthcoming I shall consider a tax on food not the bond of the Empire but a dissolving and disintegrating influence.

The dealings of the Government with free trade are the most damning part of the indictment.

A day of reckoning is at hand.

The great apostle of protection and his acolytes consider their opponents, who are free-traders of the old school, as dull dogs who did not open their minds and vision to that new light which was suspiciously like the sunlight of the past.

I must confess that I am the dullest dog of them all, because I have long ceased even to understand the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

RAILWAY DISASTER.

Runaway Engine Causes Lamentable Loss of Life.

Seven persons were yesterday killed and sixteen injured on the railway at Ferrara, Italy, through the lamentable ignorance of a fireman as to the mechanism of his engine.

The accident was due to the driver of a goods train, which was being shunted in the station. He left his engine in charge of the fireman, who started it, but was unable to stop it, and the train ran on to the Bologna line and collided with a passenger express train, which had left Bologna at two o'clock in the morning.

After the collision a fire broke out in the express, a luggage van and a mail van, with the mails, being destroyed.

A relief train was promptly dispatched and seven persons were found to have been killed. Among them is a captain in a cavalry regiment, a lady who has not been identified, a young girl, the driver of the runaway engine, the guard of the express, and a youth aged fifteen.

Sixteen persons were injured, six of them seriously—including Dr. Otto Ritter, Under Secretary in the Austrian Ministry of Finance, who is attached to the diplomats negotiating the Italo-Austrian Treaty of Commerce.

PRINCESS AND BLACK CHIEFS.

Royal Pilgrims Place Wreaths on the Grave of Cecil Rhodes.

BULAWAYO, Tuesday.—Princess Christian, Princess Victoria, and party yesterday visited the Matoppo Hills, and were saluted by a gathering of Matabele chiefs, who sent a loyal message to the King.

Their Royal Highnesses placed wreaths on Mr. Rhodes's grave and on the Shangani Memorial. They left for Orange River Colony in the evening.

Princess Christian, in the course of her visit, expressed a hope that the Duke of Connaught would be able to visit the country next year.—Reuter.

ITALIAN STRIKERS RUSH THEATRES.

At Venice on Monday evening, says Reuter, the strikers extinguished and smashed numbers of street lamps and forced the theatres, shops, and restaurants to close.

The strikers vainly endeavored to raid the railway station to stop the train service, and also to interrupt the telephone service.

The Chamber of Labour has announced that the strike will end to-day.

MIRACULOUS SURVIVAL.

Nine months ago, when mounting a ladder, Charles Pearson, of Sheffield, fell and broke his back. For six months he lingered in hospital, and then for three months was at his home, where he had just died. At the inquest his survival for so long a time was regarded as little short of miraculous.

GIRL DUEL-MAKER

Urges a Sweep and Street Vendor to Fight.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Angèle Sennette, a pretty little Polisher not quite fifteen years of age, was ardently loved by a young French sweep and a young Italian vendor of plaster images.

She could not decide whom she loved most, so she suggested that her lovers had better fight it out, and they agreed.

They met by appointment last night in a dark corner of the Rue Quincampoix. Angèle was there to see fair play. The young sweep was armed with a formidable scraper, used in cleaning chimneys, while the juvenile plaster-cast merchant contented himself with the knife of his nation.

They set to at a word from Angèle, who encouraged them in their efforts to kill each other. The sweep was first wounded, and the Italian promptly suggested that he, as victor, should take Angèle, but the sweep would not fight on the lines of a French duel, so they started again.

This time the sweep got home a terrific blow with his scraper, which opened the plaster-cast merchant's skull.

The victor and the happy Angèle went off together, taking with them some plaster casts belonging to the vanquished.

Then the police came, and Angèle and the sweep were arrested. They have since been allowed provisional liberty.

GOLD DEFEATS CUPID.

Romance Shattered Through Loss of Fortune.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday Night.—A romantic acquaintance formed on an Atlantic liner between a young German and a prepossessing girl from Chicago has just ended in a distressing disappointment.

The German was apparently possessed of great wealth, and entertained the young lady and her family in princely fashion both in London and Paris.

He fell in love with the young American, and the feeling was reciprocated, but when the Teuton gave her a magnificent gold-mounted dressing-case her father insisted upon it being returned.

Taking offence the young man hurriedly left for Berlin.

Several weeks ago the parties met again at the St. Louis Exhibition. Bygones were forgotten, and the Teuton successfully proposed for the young lady's hand.

Preparations for the wedding in Chicago were in progress, when the lady happened to discover that her lover had been obliged to pawn his watch and chain.

He then explained that when he met them in the spring he had just inherited 47,000, but since he had left them in Paris he had spent it all and was now penniless.

The match was immediately broken off, and the couple bade each other a last farewell.

TRIED TO HANG HIS WIFE.

Police Rescue an Unfortunate Woman from a Horrible Death.

Attracted by screams from a house in Crichton-street, Cardiff, last evening, the police on bursting in the door found a woman, named Parker Pritham, had a rope round his wife's neck, and was pulling it tight in an attempt to strangle her.

She was nearly black in the face when released, and was also found to be suffering from a cut across the nose.

The man appears to have pulled the woman off the bed after fastening the rope round her neck. Pritham was taken into custody.

TWICE MARRIED.

Proceeding happily on their honeymoon, a couple from Mansfield, Notts, were suddenly recalled by telegram.

They were wedded at a Nonconformist chapel, and it had been found that the ceremony had been irregularly conducted in certain details. They arrived back the same day, and after the requisite legal portion of the ceremony had been repeated they started off once more for the honeymoon.

FAT GIRL GROWING.

Lizzie Dally, Bethnal Green's nine-year-old fat girl, appeared at the Middlesex Music-Hall last night. Encouraging cheers resounded through the hall when it was announced that she was 41b. heavier than she was a fortnight ago.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: **Rasterly breezes, strong on the coast; fair, sunny, dry, and cool.**

Lighting-up time: 7.1 p.m.
Sea passages will be rather rough in the south and east, moderate in the west.

PALACE OF MARVELS.

Airship Bird on the 'Mirror' Gala Day.

THE KILTIES HAVE COME.

Record Railway Arrangements for Next Saturday.

SHILLINGS FOR NOTHING.

The Daily Mirror Gala Day is now the talk of all London.

After Saturday it will be the talk of all England.

It will be then recognised as the greatest carnival ever held in this country, and, incidentally, as the most unique method of advertising ever conceived by a newspaper.

The programme published yesterday was pronounced by authorities the most complete, diversified, and interesting combination of events ever arranged. But, as will be seen to-day, some important additions have been made.

WONDERFUL FLYING MACHINE.

Not the least noteworthy of these is the latest flying machine, invented by Senhor Alvares, a fellow-countryman of M. Santos Dumont. The machine, which will appear at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, has been built in accordance with Senhor Alvares's plans by Messrs. C. G. Spencer and Sons, the famous aeronauts, of Highbury-grove, who, it will be remembered, also manufactured the first and only airship to fly over London.

The new airship is the prettiest yet made. Two arms in front of the kite have an exceedingly graceful curve, and the kite tapers gently away to the back of the machine, so that the whole contrivance when in flight should be like a swooping seagull.

Two propellers, 5ft. in diameter, are placed in front. They are intended to aid the machine in its swoop, so that it will rise after a dip to the altitude from which it started.

The machine will be on view to all Daily Mirror guests at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next. Subsequently it will be raised 5,000ft. into the air by balloon, and with motor running at full speed it will be dropped in mid-air to test its centre of gravity, balance, and behaviour. Sandbags, representing a man, will be attached.

THE "KILTIES" ARE COME.

The "Kilties" are come. The celebrated band arrived at Liverpool by the Dominion liner South-west yesterday. As the vessel neared the Princes' landing stage the band massed on deck and played several airs, including "Auld Lang Syne," "Old Folks at Home," "Medley," "Dixie," "The Maple Leaf," finishing up in true Canadian loyal style with "God Save the King."

The voyage across was one of unique delight, the whole company on board reveling continuously in a flow of music. Messrs. George W. Smith, owner; J. P. J. Power, manager; W. F. Robinson, conductor, and others, were received on the landing stage by Mr. Philip Yorke, the British entrepreneur.

The "Kilties" arrived in multi, but brand new full Highland uniform awaits them. They donned at the Adelphi Hotel, where they lunched.

Afterwards they marched through the crowded streets and attracted much attention by their picturesque and gorgeous array.

They constitute a selection from the leading regimental bands in Canada, and of course are all of Scotch origin, though the majority of them trod, and proudly trod, for the first time the land of their fathers.

There are forty bandsmen, two bag-pipers, sixteen vocalists, and six Highland dancers, besides two Canadian-Scottish lasses, who are to join in the Highland reel. The drum-major is the ornament of the band. His name is Roderick Bain Mackenzie, and he stands 7ft. 2in. high in his stockinged feet. When he walks abroad in his bushy he seems to be nearer 8ft. high.

WELCOME TO LONDON.

Train was taken to London, and the famous band detained at St. Pancras shortly after six o'clock last evening, and with drums beating and bugles calling, they marched up Tottenham Court-road and along several other West End thoroughfares.

A fine body of men they look—worthy descendants of the pioneer Scotchmen who left the Highlands to start Canada on its wonderful career of prosperity.

The "Kilties" have never before been in Europe. Of London they naturally heard a great deal in Canada and America, and what little they

(Continued on page 10.)

UNEASY KING PETER.

Reads About Bombs on
Coronation Eve.

TRAITORS IN BELGRADE.

It is a trifle over 500 years since the peculiar people of Servia celebrated a coronation, and many do not see eye to eye with King Peter in his resolve to be crowned, as he intends to be to-day.

The King has somewhat placated his subjects by undertaking to run the ceremony at the least possible cost.

To-day Belgrade will be awakened by cannon at dawn. The royal procession leaves the Palace at 8 a.m. Ministers and representatives of foreign Governments gather at the cathedral. As the King is crowned 101 cannon will fire, the first gun to go off being the sister weapon to that of whose metal the royal crown has been made.

In most depressing weather the coronation ceremonies proceeded yesterday.

Belgrade is undergoing a spell of bad weather, which invests with double gloom a ceremony already regarded as ill-omened.

Rain, wires our Belgrade correspondent, utterly spoils the decorations. The streets were crowded with miserable people for whom no hotel accommodation could be found.

King Reads Threatening Letters.

The King, rarely seen, sits in the Konak reading anonymous letters threatening him with bombs.

His time is spent in giving minute directions to the police in the hope of assuring his personal safety. Every second person in a Belgrade crowd, made up very largely of peasants from the surrounding districts, is either a policeman or a police spy.

Yesterday the second day's proceedings commenced by the arrival of the representatives of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who came in a special train, accompanied by 400 Bulgarians.

Their welcome was most cordial, and they were received in special audience by the King, who had just been the recipient of a friendly letter from the Tsar.

Shortly after their arrival the special train appeared bearing the Crown Prince Danilo of Montenegro and his sister, Princess Miliza, and a brilliant suite. The King, the Royal Family, his Cabinet, with the Russian and Italian Ministers, received them at the Palace.

All drove off to the Palace in open carriages under the rain-soaked decorations amid the cheering crowds.

At half-past five yesterday afternoon the first formal ceremony of the coronation took place.

Carrying the Crown.

The royal insignia was taken from the Palace to the Cathedral of Belgrade, ready for to-day's coronation. Punctually there left the Konak a cortege, headed by an officer on horseback.

Then followed mounted police, the Prefect of Police, the Mayor of Belgrade, two heralds, and a squadron of the Guard.

The flag of the coronation, carried and surrounded by cavalry officers, followed next.

A series of carriages contained the insignia, the crown being carried by the president of the Council, and the globe by the president of the Skoupchtina.

A special carriage contained the Minister of War and another high official, wearing respectively the sceptre and the rest of the regalia. All these carriages were surrounded with a brilliant throng of staff officers. The procession closed with another squadron of the Guard.

Twenty-one cannons boomed as the cavalcade passed through the streets. At the entry to the cathedral the insignia was received by various bishops headed by the Metropolitan.

The insignia was blessed and the Te Deum was sung.

HOT OF PRETTY BABIES.

In the heartiest imaginable way fathers, mothers, and guardians of pretty children are sending pictures for the *Mirror* baby beauty competition.

The task before the judges, whose names we shall publish shortly, cannot be an easy one with such a host of pretty candidates to adjudicate among.

Quite a number of photographs have reached us without any address whatever, and this, of course, puts the little competitor out of the contest, which is a distinct unkindness to the baby.

Competitors must remember to write legibly the name and address of the child on the back of the picture. The age limit is seven years. The prizes are five guineas for the prettiest girl, and five guineas for the prettiest boy.

LONDON FIREMEN IN BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS, Tuesday.—The Fire Brigade fêtes were continued to-day. The men of the Clamiro Fire Brigade, Hackney, Wick, were deputed to contend with a fire which had been started in a wooden house especially erected in the Place de la Duchesse, and they did their work most efficiently with the aid of their chemical and steam engines.—Exchange.

'JOAN OF ARC' MARKS TIME.

Armistice Called in the War of
Sunbury Fence.

Peace reigned at Sunbury yesterday. The hard fighting of the previous four days in the battle of the fence and right of way had tired both parties, and by mutual consent an armistice was declared.

Miss Annett, the Sunbury Joan of Arc, who personally led the attack the previous day, spent a pleasant domestic time.

The fire had died out of her eyes, and only an occasional flash reminded the *Mirror* representative of her unquenchable spirit.

"Oh, no," she said, "we shan't give up. I have prepared a nice dinner for the army for six o'clock, and we shall probably have a new general in the person of Mr. Bennett, who feels that the continued campaign is too great a strain upon me."

Mr. Clark gazed at his fence, which was reinforced by a gay but rather dilapidated Union Jack. "As long as they pull that fence down," he said sternly, "indicating the somewhat battered fragments, 'we shall put it up again.'"

Later, Mr. Clark allowed it to be understood that "something" was in preparation which would "astonish 'em when the right time comes."

DERELICT STATION.

Last of an "Underground" Terminus
Disused for Twenty Years.

After twenty years' disuse the Tower Station on the District Railway is being demolished under the electrification scheme. The station was constructed about twenty-five years ago, and was used as a terminus before the circle was completed. Afterwards it was found to be useless, as it was within a few hundred yards of Mark-lane Station, and it has since been used as a wine store.

All the requisite paraphernalia was left standing, the signals being worked as usual. Trains still occasionally stopped, and this was frequently the cause of much inconvenience.

Some months ago some passengers played a practical joke upon a semi-intoxicated fellow-passenger. The train happened to stop at Tower Station, and they called out "Mark-lane." The irresponsible traveller got out, and before he could ascertain his whereabouts the train had moved off, leaving him to divine his exit the best way he could.

FIRST ROSE OF AUTUMN.

September Roses Rival the Fairest
Blooms of June.

In addition to "The Last Rose of Summer," immortalised in song by Thomas Moore, we have now "The First Rose of Autumn." In these progressive days roses bloom all the year round.

The new era was inaugurated yesterday when the first autumn rose show ever held took place in the Royal Horticultural Society's new hall in Vincent-square, Westminster.

Held in conjunction with the National Rose Society, the show was instituted to demonstrate the possibility of as fine roses being grown in and out of doors in September as in June, the month of roses.

All the old favourites were there, looking as perfect and smelling as sweet as if the sun were shining brilliantly outside instead of a cutting east wind blowing.

A very pretty tribute was paid to the late Dean Hole, whose portrait, framed in his favourite crimson and white roses, was a prominent object in the show hall. It recalled to mind how that ardent rose-lover would have welcomed an autumn rose show.

CHINESE MUSICAL-BOX.

Its Sounds Fail to Soothe a Judge's
Breast.

Looted from the Chinese Palace at Peking, a musical-box made a display of its remarkable powers in the City of London Court yesterday.

For repairing the instrument a mender had charged £26, which the owner resisted on the ground that the work was badly done.

At the Chinese Court, said the repairer, noise and confusion were required. Its cost was £175. Judge Rentoul, K.C., was invited to hear the musical-box play. Two tunes were played, the first "Daisy Bell" and the second "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," given in polka time, a funny effect being produced, bells, castanets, drums, flutes, and flutes being employed.

The judge said he would like to hear a popular tune—he had not recognised either of the others—but the musical-box was mute.

ENOUGH OF CHEAP STEERAGE FARES.

There are signs of the Atlantic rate war taking a backward turn.

Yesterday the agents for the North German-Lloyd Company in Liverpool received instructions to advance third-class fares to New York from £2 to £3.

FASTING ON TEA.

Doctors Undertake a Novel Tem-
perance Test.

A number of interesting experiments in the cause of temperance will be made next month.

Nearly twenty prominent medical men have agreed to begin simultaneously on October 16 a fast to demonstrate the food-value of tea.

The fast will last for a fortnight in most cases, several doctors having only undertaken to undergo a week's ordeal.

Dr. Charles Liebrand, the author of "This Age of Ours," who is in touch with the scheme, explained yesterday the nature of the task the doctors have volunteered to perform.

The only food the doctors will take every twenty-four hours will be half a pint of milk and ½ lb. of biscuits. They will, however, be allowed an unlimited quantity of tea.

One of the gentlemen will be on view during the fast at Exeter Hall, and at the end of the fortnight will apply at a well-known insurance office for a first-class insurance for £1,000.

All the doctors will fast under the supervision of medical men. They will be spread all over the country—at Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, etc.

One of the physicians in the fast has been the attendant to the Royal Family.

At the Agricultural Hall yesterday Dr. Liebrand gave a demonstration of his new hygienic teapot, which does away with all nerve troubles caused by over-badly brewed tea.

The brewing is stopped by an ingenious contrivance before the harmful tannin is extracted.

RUM MYSTERIES.

"Silent" Spirit May Be Made from
Sugar or Sawdust.

A rum test case, of importance to distillers, was heard at Stockport yesterday, in which two publicans were summoned for selling rum containing seventy or eighty per cent. of "silent" spirit.

For the prosecution it was stated that the rum had been imported from Demerara, and that, instead of containing ethers, which caused it to be used by the medical profession, and by the Army and Navy, it contained "silent" spirit, which might be produced from, among other things, sugar and sawdust.

In dismissing the case and allowing twenty guineas costs, the Bench upheld the contention of the defendants that the prosecution had not established any standard by which they could judge how much potent spirit there should be in Demerara rum.

FIGHT IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.

Quarrelsome Hoppers within Half-a-
Minute of Death.

In the heat of a quarrel a number of hop-pickers returning to London from Maidstone unconsciously placed themselves in a position of the greatest peril. Their special train had been shunted at Kent House Station on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to allow the express trains to pass. While they were waiting some women began to fight, and other hoppers joining in, the struggling men and women jumped from the train on to the main line and continued to fight, wholly oblivious of their danger.

The station-master with very great difficulty induced most of them to return, but some persisted in continuing the fight on the line till the very last minute. It seemed as if a catastrophe was inevitable when an express came round the bend while the hoppers were still on the track.

By sheer force they were pushed and dragged into safety less than half a minute before the train dashed by.

DOLL INSTEAD OF FLOWERS.

During the battle of flowers at Potsdam a little girl named Gretchen wept bitterly because she did not secure a flower from the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, who tried to throw the child some roses from her loaded carriage.

Next day she wrote a letter telling the Princess of her disappointment.

Shortly afterwards Gretchen received a doll from the Princess, who asked her to accept it as a souvenir instead of the flowers she coveted.

MISSING PECKHAM LADY.

Another has to be added to the list of mysterious disappearances in London. Mrs. Hampton, the mother of several brothers who trade as H. Hampton and Sons, and are among the largest dealers in the Central Fish Market, Farringdon-street, left her house on the 7th inst., and has not been seen since.

She is sixty-six, of fair complexion, and rather stout.

Cholera is spreading fast in Afghanistan. The Amer, acting on the advice of his English doctor, uses only snow water.

LOVE AND S

Sequel to Fli
Eton Wor

MASTER R

The sequel to the Eton work by the Local Government Board F. V. H. Simkins, the master of the guardians.

He has done so, and the Eton yesterday that his resignation is to effect.

The question of whether claim to superannuation was by the authorities.

Mr. Simkins cannot be proper person to hold the of the conclusive words contain Local Government Board.

The master's letter was b

I beg to tender you my r of your workhouse.—Yours SIMKINS.

Indignant Guardians.

In the opinion of some of master, instead of being inv have been summarily dismiss

Mr. Buckland asked how th affected the matron, Mrs. Sin

Mr. Taylor: The resigni follows automatically on that

The story of the case rela propriety brought against Mr. ago, which led to his suspensi of the Local Government Bo

It was alleged by the guar had been guilty of undue fa female officials, had made K of last year, and had been from the workhouse and inst

In July, 1901, Miss Hamr tron, complained that there between the master and Mi trial trainer. It was said th Miss Gilbert had been seen i out cycling together.

Holiday Flirtation.

When Miss Gilbert was on the master was also away fr Cecil Howlett, one of the g been informed that they hav at the same time.

Miss Gilbert, who is now tarily to the Board of Trade that there had been any impr herself and the master.

Mr. Simkins, in his defe wholly innocent of the cha Having weighed the defe Local Government Board ha with the result indicated abo

UNSELFISH B

Impossibility of Marr
Year.

The slashing letter on the marriage, written by Mr. Cl last Saturday's "Times" h feminine protest.

A writer, presumably a "Times," is sarcastic. She Breton dwelt upon the ext ness of women, he admitted the absence of some men.

"A man of my acquainta "has been engaged to a wo attached to him and whose His income is £500 a year, crease.

"He, however, thinks it dng a woman down to a li such an income means. He pensive clubs, hunts, and has a fishing expedition in Nor family three months."

"200" MARAUDE

Owners of hen roosts in t Regent's Park are dismaye beech-martin from the Zoo lastured. Three escaped, but tured.

The beech-martin, which ssembles a kind of weasel, m upon fowls for pleasure, pur already killed six in the nei street.

BIGGEST BATTLE

Undeterred by the deadli Admiralty yesterday receive struction of two battleships t ever built, having a 16,500 ton

Magistrate Denounces a Quarrel Over "Yom Kippur."

Three aliens appeared at Worship-street yesterday charged with violence during the Jewish riots in the East End.

Differences of opinion as to the obligation of keeping the fast during the observance of "Yom Kippur," or the "Day of Repentance," led to the disturbances, and Jews who frequented restaurants were specially attacked.

One man hurled a glass bottle at a Jew who was being chased, while another flung a piece of iron at some Jews who were attacking him and others.

In fining two of the men ten shillings, and discharging the third, Mr. Chuer said it was deplorable that a class of persons who for centuries had been distinguished by the fiercest persecution should, when in the one free country of the world, turn upon those who disagreed with them upon religious grounds.

It was evident that the attack was upon those who did not keep the fast, and in this country those who were attacked would be protected to the fullest extent of the law.

P.C.'s INJURED DIGNITY.

Australian Solicitor on Imagination Among Constables.

A hansom cab incident in Fenchurch-street was the subject of an amusing case at the City Summons Court yesterday.

The cabman was charged with driving so furiously that he scared the public and knocked off a constable's helmet, which was run over and smashed by a wagon. The driver said the policeman held him up so suddenly that the accident could not have been avoided.

The occupant of the cab, Mr. James W. Abigail, J.P. and solicitor, of New South Wales, said the defendant had stated the facts. He now knew where some of the New South Wales police got their imagination from. The unavoidable accident happened solely through the constable's action.

There was no physical injury, he added, the only injury being to the constable's dignity when he slid down on his haunches and picked up his helmet.

The summons was dismissed.

WIFE'S STRONGER WILL.

Cause of Young Woman's Death Equivalent to Murder.

The coroner's inquiry into the grave circumstances connected with the death of Mrs. Flora Alice Fisher, the young wife of a tailor, whose private residence is in Brockley-road, Crofton Park, was concluded at Westminster yesterday.

The jury found that her death was the result of an illegal operation, performed by some person unknown, and Mr. Troutbeck said that their verdict was equivalent to one of Wilful Murder.

In summing up the evidence in the case, the Coroner observed that the husband had declared that he had not the least idea as to what was going on; and it was clear that the stronger will power was on the side of the wife, who did not consult him on important matters.

He deprecated the information obtained at the post-mortem examination being disclosed to persons whose action was under close consideration in cases of this character.

Inspector Arrow, who was thanked by the coroner for his assistance in the inquiry, replied that he would not let the matter drop.

LAW'S VIEW OF PALMISTRY.

The charges against the palmists "Yoga" and "Professor and Madame Keiro" were referred to by Mr. Loveland-Loveland, K.C., in his charge to the Grand Jury at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

He pointed out that it did not matter, according to law, whether the consultants of the palmists knew the whole business was a humbug or not. The pretence, in any case, was false, and if the case was proved the accused would be convicted.

He advised the Grand Jury to return a true bill in each case.

Fels-Naptha

Fair trade is trade that profits the seller a penny, the buyer a shilling.
Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

Pathetic Letters of a Deserted Actress Who Poisoned Herself in Despair.

"I have walked the streets hoping to find some benevolent soul to help me, and God knows I have prayed to end my existence. I have cried and cried until I can cry no more."

In a last letter to her sister, Marion Beatrice McGinniss, revealed her bitter agony of soul. Beautiful, talented, still in her youth, "Mabel Oakley"—she preferred to pass by the name which conjured up happy memories of the days of her stage triumphs—found herself penniless in London, discarded by her friends, on the verge of starvation, and faced with the alternatives of shame or death.

She chose the latter, and the story of her death from a dose of poison has already been told. The evidence at the inquest yesterday intensified the pathos of the young actress's fate.

Mrs. Shee, a lady living at Hulme, near Manchester, said her sister had been an actress of some considerable repute in the provinces, but for two years had followed no regular profession. Three months ago she left Manchester for London to see a gentleman to whom she said she was engaged and would shortly be married. Mrs. Shee knew that a gentleman had been very kind to her sister.

Her Last Letter.

From Millman-street, Bloomsbury, where she went to lodge, the actress wrote letters that were usually cheerful, but occasionally disclosed the writer's despondency. But the last letter, written a week ago, struck a wholly tragic note. "This may be my last letter on earth" indicated her resolve.

Other extracts from it were read by the St. Pancras coroner:—

I received your letter and pawntickets. My life here is much worse than in Manchester, there is no disguising the fact. The truth is they are starving me to death. If I write to — (here she mentioned a gentleman's name) for food, my letters are only returned. If I cannot pay here they will turn me into the streets.

I have walked the streets hoping to find some benevolent soul to help me, and God knows I have prayed to end my existence. I have cried and cried until I can cry no more. I feel so ill from work and worry and want of food. My life is very lonely.—Good-bye. MABEL.

There were letters, but before reading them the evidence of the actress's landlady was heard. She said that her lodger was at times almost destitute of money. She did not always go out, but would often stop all day in her room, in which she had no convenience for cooking. Sometimes she would come down and ask the landlady to let her have breakfast.

Once she told the latter she was "tired of life," and said, "It is all because two gentlemen friends have returned my letters."

The landlady knew this affected the girl terribly.

"FIGHTING PARSON" TO THE AID.

How a Music-hall Artist Saved a Man from Being "Killed."

Too realistic a performance by a member of the company playing "The Fighting Parson" sketch at Chelsea Music Hall led to his being fined £5 at Westminster Police Court yesterday for assault.

The actor in question, John Wayho, walked on to the stage at the close of the performance on the night of the 12th with a pipe in his mouth. As this is against the rules, Mr. Ernest Debuc, the stage manager, remonstrated. Mr. Wayho's reply was, Mr. Debuc told the magistrate, to hit him in the face.

Mr. George Gray, "The Fighting Parson," said he was dressing in his room when someone came and said, "They are killing Wayho!"

"Then," went on Mr. Gray, "I merely rushed out and separated them."

Notice of appeal against the magistrate's decision was given.

ENNUI IN GAOL.

Pleading guilty at Clerkenwell Sessions to a charge of burglary, Alf East said he had served three terms of twelve months' imprisonment under the Prevention of Crimes Act, and was tired of local prisons. He wanted to be sent to penal servitude.

He was accordingly sent to penal servitude for four years.

ADVICE ON APPLE-STEALING.

Addressing a youth whom he had fined for stealing apples, a magistrate at Brentford said, "If you had gone to Mr. Mann (the proprietor of the tree), and said, 'Look here, I'm going to break into your orchard, but I don't want to do so; if you will give me two or three apples, I won't,' I don't suppose but what Mr. Mann would have given them to you."

"Once when I took her up one of these returned letters she fell back as though she had received a terrible blow."

But the day before her death she "laughed and sang all day long," another witness said.

A letter written in lead pencil was found in the actress's purse. It was undated, and the fragments read by the coroner ran:—

"Forgive me any inconvenience I may cause you. This horrible life I can live no longer. Mr. — (mentioning his name) seems to think I can go on the streets, but I prefer death."

"I wish all my personal belongings to be handed to my sister. Good-bye everyone, BEATRICE MCGINNISS."

A Week Without Dinner.

The coroner said on another slip of paper, which might have been one of the returned letters, was written:—

I have tried to get rid of myself. This life I cannot stand any longer. You are starving me to death. This and all last week I have not had a single dinner. I have told you I will commit suicide, and I will.

Another of the returned letters ran:—

"I shall be turned on to the streets if this is not paid. Oh, God! I am nearly distracted with worry. I have not had a dinner for God knows when. For the sake of Jesus, help me."

On a piece of paper, in almost undecipherable lead pencil, was written fragments of a verse:—

Cheerless, hopeless, striving in vain
To quell the anguish of an aching heart.
Ever lonely, ever again,
I had bliss to feel . . .

The coroner could read only broken snatches of the rest of the verses, which included the line, "Grim future, with its wintry breath."

Pawntickets and a Halfpenny.

The only possessions found by the police after the girl's death were one halfpenny and eight pawntickets for articles ranging from a diamond ring—the first thing pledged—to a pair of boots, which were the last articles on which she could raise money to buy food.

An elderly man, and another of about thirty years of age, whose names and addresses were not disclosed by the coroner, spoke of their acquaintance with the actress. The former said he had been giving Miss McGinniss small sums of money on behalf of a friend of his who had taken an interest in her, but had been killed recently in the Argentine Republic. The last he gave her was thirty shillings, but lately he had had to refuse further financial help.

The other said he had also given Miss McGinniss sums of money, about 18s. 6d. in all, for his brother, who was in the country.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

PRECOCIOUS TRUANT.

Nine-Year-Old Schoolboy's Drive in a Stolen Cart.

A precocious boy of nine, named Joseph Windridge, is to receive a sound flogging from his grandfather by order of the Tamworth magistrates.

On Monday the boy played truant, and in the afternoon, when in the village of Amington, he drove off with a horse and trap belonging to a miner.

He careered about the countryside followed by a policeman, and was ultimately stopped and taken into custody, when he gave a false address, and declared that the trap belonged to his father, who, however, had been dead for some years.

He shed copious tears of repentance when the magistrates' death with his offence yesterday.

WORKHOUSE NOT A "BIRTHPLACE."

Workhouse reformers have gained an important point by the sanction of the Local Government Board that children born in a workhouse shall not be registered with that birthplace.

Boards of guardians will have it within their own discretion to call the place of birth by some other name.

This concession will remove the disability from which children born in the workhouse suffer in after life.

KING, BISHOP, AND POPE DEFIED.

"I'm not going to walk about hungry for King, Bishop or Pope," declared Jacob Faithful, at Clerkenwell Sessions. He had stolen a manure set from Mr. Walter Truefitt, the Bond-street hairdresser.

The Chairman: Three years, then. Prisoner: God save the King.

Prince George of Greece, the High Commissioner of Crete, is to be the guest of King Edward

Mental Arithmetic Puzzle for a Hooley Case Witness.

So uninteresting on the whole have been the proceedings at Bow-street against Mr. Hooley and Mr. Lawson that when the defendants entered the dock yesterday for the fourteenth time there were only thirty-two people in court.

However, counsel succeeded at times in brightening up the proceedings.

Mr. William Watson Rutherford, M.P., a Liverpool solicitor, said he was persuaded in 1901 by Mr. Lawson to provide three guarantors for £150,000 necessary for the electrifying of the old Blackpool Tramway Company and turning it into the "Blackpool South."

The Construction Company, however, did not electrify the line, but merely drew plans and secured contracts. Mr. A. J. Paine was one of the shareholders of the Construction Company.

Mr. Avory: No doubt that is our old friend?

Witness: I do not know Mr. Paine.

Mr. Avory: That is fortunate for you.

Mr. Muir: You have no right to say that.

Somewhat Complicated.

After Mr. Rutherford had been giving evidence of the most intricate character for some time, Mr. Maconochie asked leave to add to the depositions a "somewhat complicated document."

"Another complicated document or two," remarked Mr. Avory, to the amusement of the Court, "won't matter much."

Mr. Muir, after pointing out that for a loan of £30,000 for six months, from Mr. Craven, of Bedford, the Construction Company promised to pay in bonuses alone £50,000, asked, "I suppose this was one of the services Mr. Lawson rendered to the company?"

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Davey, an examiner in the Official Receiver's office.

Mr. Muir: £50,000 for a loan of £30,000 for six months is £100,000 per annum. What percentage does that work out at?—I cannot answer here.

Mr. Muir: You can work that out when you get back to Carey-street. (Laughter.)

The case was adjourned until to-day.

NEW "BLACK LIST."

For Men Who Drink While Their Children Starve.

The problem of how poor Board school children should be fed is one which is exciting comment upon every side.

Following a demonstration which drew public attention to the futility of trying to teach hungry children comes a correspondence in the "Times," in which Miss Margaret Frere, chairwoman of the Tower-street School Relief Committee, states that during seven winters 240 meals were given four days a week to children who were described by the teachers as "necessaries."

In January, 1899, free dinners were discontinued and visits made to the homes of poor children.

The result of these visits showed that the majority of the children's parents were able and willing to see them fed properly.

At a congress of charitable workers a medical man openly advocated a "black list," not for hopeless inebriates, but for people who drink at the expense of their children's food.

MAN AS HOUSEMAID.

Marquis Defrauded by an Ingenious Begging-Letter Writer.

Sentence of twenty-three months' hard labour was passed on George Johnson at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday for an ingenious fraud.

Writing to the Marquis of Winchester under the name of "Mary Stuart," prisoner described himself as a housemaid in the service of the late Marquis. "She" married a man who died after saving a boy from drowning; "she" had a crippled son, and wanted money to take over an old lady's business.

The Marquis sent her £2, but a second letter aroused his suspicions, and Johnson was arrested.

The King has approved the appointment of Mr. Hugh Charles Clifford, C.M.G., to be Colonial Secretary of Trinidad and Tobago.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1904.

ARE WE TOO SERIOUS?

WE have known for a long time that we English take our pleasures sadly, and therefore the accusation levelled against us by Mr. Van Wyck, brother of a former Mayor of New York, of being altogether too serious a nation has occasioned us less of a shock than might otherwise have been the case. At the same time it would appear that this quality of seriousness is a drag upon the wheel of progress, and a more light-hearted frame of mind, with perhaps a suspicion of giddiness in it, is essential if we do not wish to be left behind in the international race.

Full of the experience gained during a holiday upon the Continent, Mr. Van Wyck assures us that the most progressive city in Europe, and also the gayest, is Berlin. We have been accustomed to think of Paris as the "Gay City," but Mr. Van Wyck assures us in the fulness of his knowledge that it is not so. Berlin is the maddest, merriest capital of them all.

We are always being told to study and copy German methods, and therefore it is to be regretted that the eminent Tammany politician does not afford us any clue as to how Hans arrived at his present enviable state of mind. Perhaps it was the utter impossibility of taking the Kaiser seriously which first started him upon the right course, or it may be that he was first tickled into laughter by the sight of the amusing efforts of John Bull to retain his commercial supremacy; but whatever the cause, Hans has become a laughter-loving, jovial fellow, and, having found merriment a paying commercial investment, he is likely to remain so.

The old sharp demarcation between business and pleasure bids fair to be swept away by this epoch-making discovery. If the grave British merchant does not wish to see his business pass altogether into the hands of foreigners, he must begin practising smiles in front of the glass and trying over a few easy and unembarrassed laughs suitable for general use in an up-to-date commercial community. Of course, it may be argued that forced merriment cannot be expected to realise the same percentage as the genuine article, and in that case it behoves us to start at once in search of something at which to laugh. At the moment we cannot think of any more suitable subject than Mr. Van Wyck.

THE JOURNALISM THAT ACTS.

The old-time newspapers—what are known in trade circles as the "Penny Heavies"—and which run on antiquated lines, devote most of their space to reporting meetings in which the point is always brought out with stately eloquence that "the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved."

But newspapers like the *Daily Mirror* do something else for their readers. Our energies are not spent in reporting other people's meetings. We get up meetings of our own.

We have called a meeting of 100,000 of our readers at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, and we let them in free. They will see for nothing one of the most stupendous entertainment programmes ever given.

That the public like this style of journalism is shown by the fact that the *Daily Mirror*, although little more than half a year old, already has a larger circulation than that of any penny London daily.

SAVING THE TSAR A JOURNEY.



The Tsar has been announcing his intention of going to the front. According to the cartoonist of the "Chicago Record Herald," he has only to stay where he is and the front will come to him. At present Kuropatkin seems anxious to transfer the front to St. Petersburg as quickly as possible.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

King Peter of Servia.

IT is fifteen months since he ceased to be a private gentleman, living quietly in an obscure hotel, to become King of Servia. To-day he is to be formally crowned. He is not the man to make a good king. He has not sufficient personal force. He might do well on the steps of a throne, but not on the throne itself. Still, he looks a king, and to-day's ceremonial will see him at his best. He is tall, spare, and majestic in movement, wearing kingly robes with grace and dignity. In spite of his sixty years he is as straight as when he earned high praise as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian war. He still keeps his soldierly look, heavy moustache, and keen grey eyes.

It is in peace that he fails as a ruler. Indolence is his besetting sin. If action is forced upon him he can act with the best, but all initiation is wanting in his character.

Clever he certainly is, in a pleasant drawing-room manner. No one would deny that he is an amusing companion, always ready to laugh or smile, always prepared to try and win affection. To this day he is no man athlete. He is a good boxer, an unusually good fencer, and has studied la savate with some success.

Whatever he may do as a king, he is not afraid to rule as a father, and the Crown Prince knows what it is to feel a strap wielded by an athletic kingly arm. There was high rejoicing in Servia when they heard that their King had shown such promise as a ruler, but he has shown no further signs.

TRANSATLANTICS.

Mrs. Dobbs: How is your new neighbourhood?
Mrs. Dibbs: Oh, just like the other one; all the rich people talk poor, and all the poor people talk rich.—"Puck," New York.

Didactic Mamma: Now, then, Charlie, don't you admire my new silk dress?
Charlie (with emphasis): Yes, mamma.

Didactic Mamma: And, Charlie, all the silk is provided for us by a poor worm.

Charlie: Do you mean dad?—"Chicago Evening Post."

Stella: He wore my picture right over his heart and it stoped the bullet.

Bella: No wonder, dear; it would stop a clock.—"New York Sun."

"Parlour chairs? Yes, ma'am," said the salesman. "I suppose you want something stylish and yet comfortable—"

Mrs. Dibbs: Oh, just like the other one; all the rich people talk poor, and all the poor people talk rich.—"Puck," New York.

Missionary effort in Japan has received a fresh impetus from the fact that some of the recent naval victories of the Mikado's forces have been won by converted cruisers.—"Puck," New York.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

More Letters from "Mirror" Readers Discussing the Question.

There is no slackening in the number of letters from *Mirror* readers anxious to add their testimony to one side or the other in the discussion on whether it is justifiable for a man to break off his engagement at the eleventh hour before a wedding.

A selection of yesterday's letters is below:—

It seems hardly credible that such a letter as that which appears over the signature of "One Who Knows" should have been written by a woman.

As a mother I blush for my sex if that is what the girl of the day is coming to. What will become of us as a nation if the women of the present generation look upon that which we have always held to be a woman's greatest joy and privilege as lunacy? I tremble to think what England will be like in another twenty years.

Lancaster-gate, W. AN INDIGNANT MOTHER.

To Shut Up Asylums.

If more men had the courage to break off distasteful engagements, even though it were at the altar itself, we should be able to shut up half the prisons and lunatic asylums in the country.

More than half the crime and lunacy is caused, directly or indirectly, by domestic unhappiness. When men and women learn that marriage without love is a far greater offence than merely breaking off an engagement, the world will have made a big stride towards universal peace and happiness.

Malvern.

M. B. D.

I am afraid that H. C. White has misconstrued my statement.

The words, "secret understanding," apply to either side. For all we know a reciprocal agreement to cancel the betrothal may originate with the lady. The man may retire reluctantly at her desire!

To commit a greater wrong to pacify the first is, in my opinion, worse than criminal—especially in marriage. I accord a man praise, though he defies the more conventional formula of hymeneal rites, for breaking off an engagement if he finds that both have been mistaken. He cannot atone by lying at the altar!

Huntsmoor-road, S.W.

GEO. R. ROBESON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When summer dies the leaves are falling fast

In fatal eddies on the chilly blast,

And fields lie bare upon the bare hillside.

Where erst the poppy flaunted in its pride,

And woodbine on the breeze its fragrance cast.

And where the hawthorn scattered far and wide

Its creamy petals in the sweet Springtide.

Red berries hang, for birds a glad repast,

When Summer dies.

—Arthur G. Wright

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD YARMOUTH seems to have the courage of his convictions. In spite of the fact that he has now no need to act for a living, and in spite of the hard things which were said of him when he did so, he has been making a theatrical appearance in "The Morning Post." Lord Yarmouth's father, is far from rich, and was only able to allow him £300 a year. This naturally did not go far with a young man who had a position to keep up. He first emigrated to Australia, but was not successful there, and returned home after his third attack of fever. It was while in Australia that he earned his title of the Dancing Earl.

Soon after his return to England he went to America, where he accepted a professional stage engagement. At the same time, too, he fought and won a libel action against a New York newspaper, receiving £500 damages. But his days of impetuosity were drawing to a close, for he married Miss Alice Thaw, the daughter of a railway millionaire, and re-established the family fortunes. One might have expected that he would have confined himself to some of his other numerous accomplishments nowadays. He plays the piano uncommonly well, and is quite a clever black and white artist. His acting is quite the worst of them.

Mr. Walter Rothschild does not advertise his services to zoology, and but for occasional paragraphs announcing a new purchase for his museum at Tring, he would only be known in scientific circles. His latest acquisition is the body of the late-lamented Chloé, the gorilla. The tortoise house at the Zoo is one of his most expensive hobbies, for he keeps up the stock of giant tortoises. To do this he purchased a special island in the Pacific where the tortoises breed, and a stock of them is sent at great expense to the Zoo at intervals, for they soon die in this country. His zebra tandem and his straw top-hat are fairly well-known to the world at large.

Dr. Clifford, who has just surrendered some of his presentation silver trophies to pay the education rate, is a man who works too hard to have time for anything else but work. Everybody knows the amount of time he has spent in his "Passive Resistance" campaign. The rest of it is taken up by his work at Westbourne Park Chapel. Before he had reached the age of eleven—fifty-seven years ago now—he was at work in a Nottingham lace factory. His health gave way, however, and he took to market gardening. At the same time, with four other boys, he used to spend the evenings in preaching behind locked doors in the village chapel. By the time he was eighteen he became a local preacher. At the age of twenty-two he accepted the post at Praed-street Chapel, and stayed there until it became necessary to build the larger Westbourne Park Chapel.

There are only a few characters left in London now, who seem to have stepped out of a page of Dickens. One of them is Sir Walter Gilbey, the famous wine merchant, who has found it necessary to go to the Medoc to superintend the extra work which the good wine year has entailed. The buff trousers, the dark cutaway coat, the frilled shirt-front and small white tie, which, with the white collar, looks like an old-fashioned stock, remind one strongly of the early half of the last century. Only the fiercely-pointed moustache spoils the picture. His life, apart from the great wine firm, is that of an old English squire, and his time is principally devoted to horse breeding.

The story of his life is one of brilliant success achieved in spite of bad luck. Sir Walter began in an estate agent's office, and on the outbreak of the Crimean war volunteered for service in the Army Pay Department. It was not until after the war, when he and his brother had returned almost penniless, that the famous wine firm was started. The business needed the hardest of work before it succeeded. Then it was suddenly dashed down again by the fiery death of duty. Light French wines from a shilling to 24, a bottle, for the firm had specialised in Colonial wines. The two Gilbeys were not to be easily beaten, and they set to work again to build up the business from the bottom. How thoroughly they succeeded can be seen by everyone.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

A Wayside Garden.

The Virginian creeper has borrowed all its loveliest colours from the summer sunsets. The hops droop in graceful clusters from the verandah, and the little conservatory is as fragrant with the scent of the climbing heliotrope as it is busy with the buzzing of the bees that always follow that odour.

Most of the summer flowers are over. Not so the rich beauties of the early autumn. The lawns lie golden-green in floods of sunlight patterned by the early-falling leaves—russet reds from the oak and maple, golden yellows from the beech, whitest silvers from the birch and poplars.

The chestnuts hang out a thousand prickly, light-green balls as bait to coax the passing breeze to stop and play.

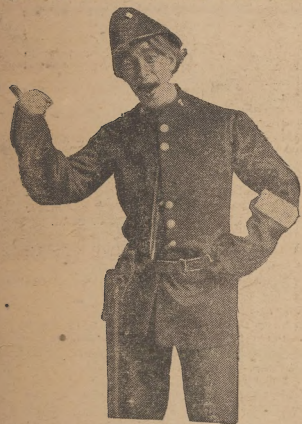
The garden hedge is scarlet with a wealth of hips and haws, and the juicy-looking berries of the honeysuckle—never was such a show of red berries as this year. Everywhere is regal gold and purple—Nature's "Harvest Thanksgiving" in colour.

NEWS OF THE DAY SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA

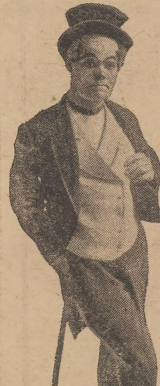


SHOREDITCH SHOWS SOME FUTURE MUSIC-HALL STARS.

The management of the Cambridge Music Hall, Shoreditch, have opened a singing competition for East End aspirants to music-hall fame. So popular has it proved that they have had to organise an "overflow" competition. The winners of the first, second, and third prizes in each competition will receive money prizes and a week's engagement at the theatre. Below we publish five of the favourites in the roles they have selected.



Dave Sherlock, made up as a low comedy policeman, is one of the selected for the semi-final.



Bernard Burne endeavours to tread in the footsteps of George Robey. He is also in the semi-final.

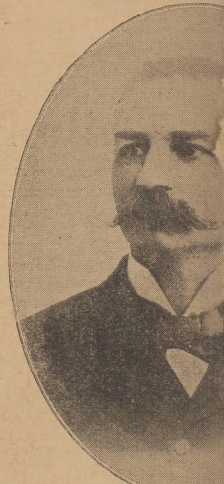


Harry Lynd gives a side-splitting show as a female impersonator.



Bill Jacobs, in "a new pyjama hat," sings Gus Elen's latest hit.

KING PETER C



Is to be crowned to-day. It is expected that festivities will not be undisturbed by the king's terrible fate has no

IS THIS YOUR



£2 2s. awaits the tenant to send proof of his tenancy to the landlord. A unique competition



George Simson, of Hoxton, is a firm favourite. He imitates Mr. Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, and expects to carry off the first prize of Friday night.

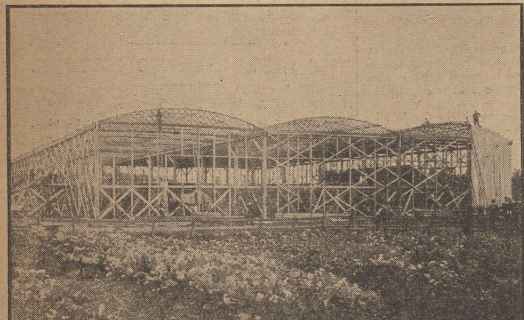


This dwarf was "discovered" by a German in Burmah, and is now on his way to Berlin. He caused a great sensation in the Colonies and South America, and will shortly appear on the London stage.



One of the lads in the above group was recently charged with bogging, when it transpired the whole family were practically starving. Generous people sent subscriptions to the court for this poor family, and now the father has been set up in the greengrocery trade.

PRETTY CANDIDATES FOR "DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY CONTEST



The temporary building which is now being erected at Luton for Mr. Chamberlain's great speech on October 5. It covers an area of 200ft. by 135ft. and will have accommodation for 8,500 persons. The structure will cost £3,000 when complete.



JAMES TREVOR KENDAL



J. EDWARDS.



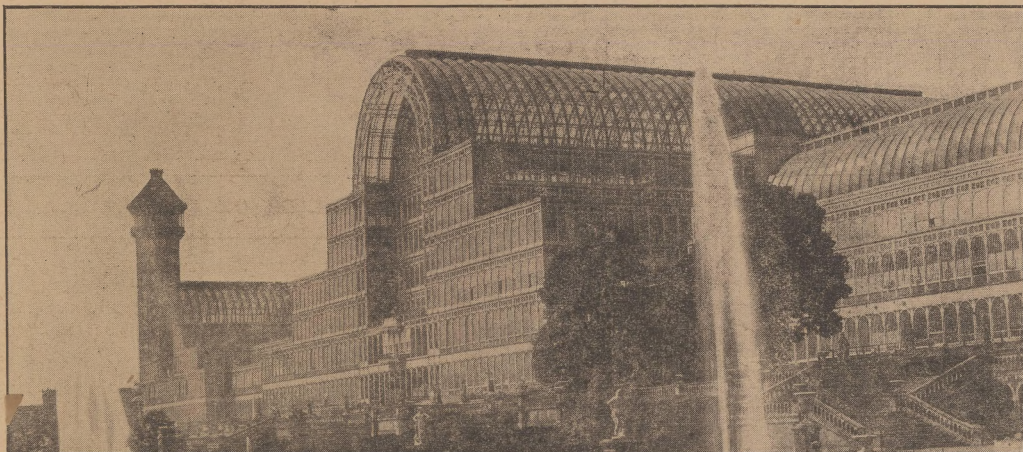
ALFRED

"DAILY MIRROR" GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

FREE ADMISSION ON SATURDAY NEXT SEPT 24TH

BY COUPON . . .

FREE GALA DAY FOR "MIRROR" READERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE NEXT SATURDAY.



The Crystal Palace: Centre Transept and South Tower, taken from the fireworks terrace. You will be admitted to the Palace free on Saturday next, September 24, on presenting a "Mirror" coupon at the turnstiles.—(Russell and Sons).

"THE KILTIES ARE COMIN', HURRAH! HURRAH!"



To the Crystal Palace on Saturday next—"Mirror" Gala Day. If you wish to hear this world-famous band playing for the first time in Europe cut the coupon from next Saturday's issue of the "Mirror," which will admit you free to the Palace on that day.

THE SUNBURY RIGHT-OF-WAY WAR.



The Urban District Council of Sunbury-on-Thames have decided that a public right of way exists over the small patch of ground seen on the left of this picture, but Messrs. Clark Brothers, who are in the centre, claim that it is included in their lease. The picture on the right shows iron railings which were put up by Messrs. Clark, but taken down again by the council's men.



THE SOUTH TOWER.



THE BALLOON ASCENT.



MAIN TRANSEPT AND SOUTH TOWER.



THE FAIRY ARCHIPELAGO.



THE THEATRE.



A MILITARY BAND.



THE NORTH TOWER AND GROUNDS.

OF MARVELLOUS DELIGHTS.

the Wonderful
Gala Day.

(from page 3.)

Last evening more than
ns.
ry grateful for the warm,
one accorded them in the
in on *Mirror* Day!" was

ive their first performance
Palace at three o'clock on
sequently, under the ener-
Philip Yorke, they will
commencing at the Royal
y evening.
y, practically all the impor-
are running fast excursion

trains, which will enable readers of the *Daily Mirror* in the important provincial cities to participate in Saturday's great gala.

How to reach the Crystal Palace from the London termini at which they arrive may prove somewhat puzzling to strangers. Therefore, for their guidance, they are offered the following hints, which will be supplemented later.

Passengers by the London and North-Western Railway should alight at Willesden Junction, whence there is direct communication with the Crystal Palace.

Passengers from the south should change at West Croydon or Clapham Junction.

Visitors arriving at King's Cross should travel to the Crystal Palace by the Underground, which is connected with that terminus by a subway. Trains every few minutes.

Passengers detaining at Victoria, London Bridge, or Holborn Viaduct will experience no difficulty, as trains leave all those stations for the Crystal Palace every few minutes. Visitors alight-

page. All the special features printed in large type will be absolutely free.

The management of the Crystal Palace have made elaborate arrangements to ensure the comfort of our guests on Saturday next.

Any attempt at crowding, jostling, or indulging in unnecessary noise will be suppressed with a firm hand.

The comfort of all is aimed at.

In the unlikely event of "Mr. Hooligan" introducing himself, he will be treated in a suitable manner.

NO CROWDING POSSIBLE.

In return for the splendid and costly entertainment which we shall provide free of cost at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, all we ask is that our guests shall assist in making the day a bright and happy one for everybody concerned.

Perhaps, after all, this hint is unnecessary, as the good behaviour of a London crowd is traditional.

Every assistance will be rendered the visitors by the large staff of Crystal Palace officials, aided by about 150 police constables.

The variety entertainment, which will be one of the star attractions in the long list of indoor amuse-

has performed in America and on the Continent. "Nerve" he admits, is the most necessary thing required.

"It took me three years to muster up sufficient courage to attempt a feat resembling that which I shall essay on Saturday next," he said. "Now, however, I enjoy it. I shall feel as safe riding my bicycle across the wire as if I were on the track. It looks stupendous to the audience, but long experience has bred almost contempt in me."

"I have only had one serious accident," M. Orion added, "and that was due to my not understanding the English language. My assistant misunderstood my instructions, and shoved me and the bicycle off the platform. I fell a distance of about 80ft., and fractured three ribs and both ankles."

"But there are going to be no accidents on Saturday," concluded M. Orion, with a smile.

SHILLINGS FOR NOTHING.

To gain admission to the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, and participate in this record-breaking programme, all that you are required to do is to cut out from that day's issue of the *Daily Mirror* a coupon, and present the same at any entrance to the Palace. One coupon, one person.

TIME TABLE.

MENTS ARE FREE TO
READERS.

Brothers will show for the
erial machine that flies like

WAR KITES will make
unds.
Recital on Great Organ in
Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock.
North Tower Gardens.

AND CARUSO AT
CERT in Centre Tran-
Fusiliers in North Tower

OWNED KILTIES' BAND
FIRST CONCERT AND
in the Concert Room.
on the Track
d on the Cycle Track.

ETITION in the Theatre.
ssars on Grand Terrace.
Stream Guards in Centre

NDOUS AERIAL FEAT
Mammoth Towers on

ATEST BALLOON will
ent from the Grounds.
Stream Guards in North

Fusiliers near Maxin's Air-

AR GRAMOPHONE CON-
tco., in Centre Transept.
rize Band on Grand Ter-

Fussars in Centre Transept.
Grand Terrace.

ING ON FIRE; ORION'S
TECHNIC FEAT on Grand

FIREWORK DISPLAY by

f the Coldstream Guards in

s. Fusiliers in Centre Transept.

ssars in South Nave.

tion of Park and Gardens by

aps.

RACTICALLY FREE.

ntertainments standing a-

FREE, but reserved seats

rate of 3d., 6d., and 1s.:-

in North Tower Gardens.

ENTERTAINMENT in Centre

r in North Tower Gardens.

ENTERTAINMENT in Centre

r in North Tower Gardens.

T REDUCED PRICES.

's Grand Swimming Enter-

duced to adults 3d., children

and 3d.

Prices this day only 1d.

Historical Relics in Archi-

edens. Prices Reduced

1d.

TS TO BE PAID FOR.

ing Machine, 6d.

3d., 1s. per hour.

1s.; Rapids, 6d.

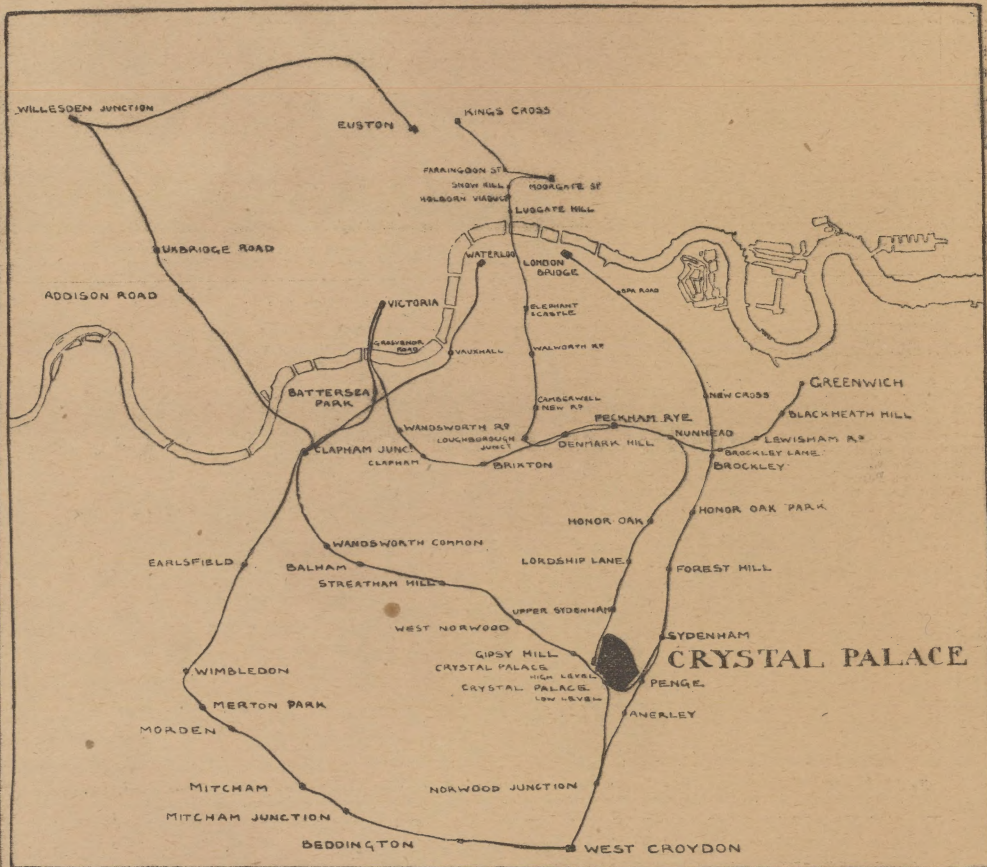
y of Naples, 3d.

the Siege of Paris," 6d.

the Russo-Japanese War in

Fire of London," in Music

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY.



This map shows the various routes by which readers of the "Daily Mirror" can reach the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, September 24—"Mirror" Free Gala Day. All that you will require to admit you to the Palace on Saturday will be a coupon cut from that day's issue of the paper.

ing at Liverpool-street should book for the Crystal Palace at Moorgate-street, which is distant only three minutes' walk.

It will thus be seen that the Crystal Palace is easily accessible from every quarter of London.

THE GREAT WIRE-WALKER.

The aerial performance and mid-air pyrotechnic display by M. Theo. Orion promise to create a great sensation. Scores of letters have already been received by the general manager of the Crystal Palace from candidates anxious to share the credit of the performance by riding on M. Orion's shoulders as he walks, dances, and runs along the wire stretched at a great altitude over the Palace terrace.

Our fair readers also are manifesting much interest in the beauty show; but there is room for more competitors. Letters from intending participants in this competition should be addressed "General Manager, Crystal Palace, London." Photographs, which will be returned, should be enclosed. The three prizes chosen are handsome solid gold bracelets, specially manufactured by Messrs. Kendal and Dent, 61, Cheshide, E.C.

The supplemented programme appears on this

ments, takes place in the centre transept. This performance is practically free, for there is standing room for large numbers. There are, in addition, reserved seats for those who care to pay for them. One of the most interesting features of this show will be the performance given by Gilbert's famous dogs and cats. These highly trained animals will do diverting tricks for the amusement of the children. Their most sensational act is given by the high-diving dogs, who from a lofty eminence plunge into a tank fixed in the stage.

The Tokio troupe of Japanese jugglers will be another great "draw" at the variety entertainment. These marvellous acrobats perform feats that are positively astounding even to Europeans who have seen the finest talent that the West can produce.

ORION THE GREAT.

M. Theo. Orion, the pupil and rival of Blondin, has arrived in England, and yesterday visited the Crystal Palace to supervise the preparations for his great aerial performances.

M. Orion is a young man with a finely-chiselled face, strong of jaw, and firm of chin. He is modest of demeanour, and speaks with obvious reluctance of the great "funambulistic" achievements that he

"X-RAY" EYES.

New York's sensational story of the policeman with an X-ray eye is viewed with considerable scepticism in London.

The officer in question claims to have an eye by which he has in two weeks detected forty-one men carrying concealed weapons.

"There is no such thing known in the history of medical science as an eye which, unaided, can see through an opaque substance," said a West End doctor interviewed on the subject. "Supposing for a moment that he possesses such a marvellous power, I would like an explanation as to how it has remained undiscovered until he became a policeman."

Certainly, any person, policeman or otherwise, with eyes possessing X-ray powers would be a most undesirable member of society, and science, far from encouraging a development of such powers, should endeavour to suppress them.

A commonplace explanation of the policeman's ability to detect concealed weapons is that his acrobats have been made among emigrants, for in New York weapons are more frequently carried by strangers than by natives.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVII. *Death in the Marshes.*

Ten days after Gramphorn's arrival at Salt Hall, he rode over to East Wick to inspect a large estate which was in the market, and which he thought might possibly be suitable for a country residence. He was accompanied by Lord Beauvaut.

Before they had gone half the distance, however, Lord Beauvaut's horse fell lame, and the rider, who prided himself on his kindness to animals, announced his intention of walking the rest of the way.

"It's a nuisance, Gramphorn," he said, "and we shall be late for dinner. But I can't ride Tricix in this state. You ride on."

"Thank you," replied Gramphorn, "I have no wish to get lost. Besides, I would not think of leaving you to walk by yourself."

"Well, at any rate it's a fine evening," said Lord Beauvaut. "Look at the sky in the west—an arch of tossing flame. Look at the grey shadows creeping up from the sea. How still it all is, and how beautiful."

"Very flat," said Gramphorn, "and to me uninteresting."

"Yet to me," continued Lord Beauvaut, "it has a strange beauty of its own. The very silence and desolation appeal to me. What possibilities lie hidden in that lonely marsh—once the resort of smugglers flying from justice. Now—who knows what is concealed in its waste of marsh lavers and winding creeks, and deep silent pools. You should see it by moonlight, Gramphorn. The Sahara, the snowfields of Greenland cannot be more lonely, or more beautiful in their loneliness."

"H'm," replied Gramphorn, "give me the stir of cities and the strife of men."

"Yet some day even you will long for rest," retorted Lord Beauvaut. "Soon, perhaps. You have accomplished all your desires. The battle is over. You have earned rest." Gramphorn's face grew very stern and grim, and the red light of the western sky tinged his face with blood.

"There are those," he said slowly, "who will never let me rest. Look here," and he drew a revolver from his pocket. "That is a nice thing for a man to carry in a friend's house, is it not? Yet I never knew when I may not have to use it. You are right, Beauvaut, you are happier as you are. The path to fame and power is strewn with the wrecks of other men's fortune and other men's happiness. And those who have fallen are not scrupulous. There are men who would like to see me dead."

Lord Beauvaut shuddered, and glanced quickly from right to left. His imagination had often pictured the marshes as the scene of a great crime. Nothing moved in the stillness, and there was no sound but the dull thud of their horses' footsteps on the soft, grassy road. To the right lay a tall bank, which kept the waters of a creek from overflowing the surrounding marsh land at high tide. It blotted out all the view to the east. But the west was still a blaze of crimson light, and the distant hills and trees were silhouetted against it as though they had been cut out of black cardboard.

Then suddenly a spurt of yellow flame burst from the top of the bank; there was a report, a thin curl of blue smoke, and Lord Beauvaut staggered forward to the ground. Gramphorn whipped out his revolver, and slipped down behind the cover of his horse. There was a second report, and the horse reared up with a screech of pain, and then crashed to the ground, kicking wildly in its agony.

Gramphorn dropped to the ground and fired at the place where the flame had spurted out from the bank. He was at a hopeless disadvantage. His

enemy, whoever it might be, was entrenched in the darkness behind a high bank of earth. The financier crouched behind the body of the horse, which was now merely slundering in the last throes of death. A stream of warm blood trickled down his face as he lay close to this bulwark of flesh. He glanced at Lord Beauvaut, who lay still on the ground. He dared not cross over to him until he had disposed of his adversary. It would mean death for both of them. He resolved to rush the bank. It was his only chance.

He sprang suddenly from his shelter, revolver in hand, and dashed at the tall rampart of earth. There was another flash and a report, and his revolver dropped to the ground. The forefinger of his right hand had been shattered by the bullet. For a second he stood irresolute, then he dropped flat on the ground and groped for his weapon with his left hand.

"Stand up!" cried a harsh, quavering voice. "If you pick up your weapon I'll shoot you. Stand up, curse you!"

Gramphorn looked up from the ground, and saw the red light from the western sky gleaming on the barrel of a revolver. Above it rose a shaggy mass of grizzly hair and a pair of glowing eyes. He decided to gain time, and, rising to his feet, tried to bandage his wounded finger with a handkerchief. The face on the top of the bank rose slowly, and then a huddled heap of rags raised

each of the three words as though it left a luscious taste in his mouth. "To—kill—you," and he leveled his revolver at Gramphorn's head.

"That is kind of you," said the financier, "May I ask why you wish to kill me? I don't think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"No! No!" cried the man, with a horrible laugh. "Of course not! I had forgotten to introduce myself. I am John Stirling—ah! that name strikes home, does it not, you cursed slayer of men?"

"I do not recall the name," said Gramphorn coolly.

"No? Ah, no, of course not! You would not recall the names of those who have died for you—poor, insignificant folk, they were. They shed their blood for you, but, of course, you would not remember them. You sent them out to death, but you would not recognize those who survived, if you met them in the street. Oh, no! you are the great John Gramphorn, the lion of England, yet so small that I, with the pressure of one finger, can make you common clay with the rest of them."

"Am I to understand that you fought in Mashagweland?" asked Gramphorn.

"My son brought," shrieked the man, "and he died. You murdered him. He was my only son. I was old and helpless. Since his death—well, I wonder that body and soul have hung together so long. Only this has kept me alive—only this, that

there was silence. John Gramphorn ran forward and struck a match. A strange sight lay before his eyes.

John Stirling lay on the ground, a mere heap of filthy rags, and the blood welled up from two fearful wounds in his bearded throat. A yard away the prostrate figure of a man stirred on the slope of grass. A long knife gleamed in his right hand, and it was red with blood. Gramphorn went to his side, and peering into his face, saw that it was George Stanton. The body moved slightly and then lay still. Gramphorn lit another match, and saw that part of the shabby coat was black and scorched and soaked with blood.

Then Gramphorn went down the bank to where Lord Beauvaut lay motionless on the grassy road. A quick examination told him that his friend was dead. The bullet had pierced his brain.

Gramphorn rose from his knees and glanced quickly round, as though uncertain how to act. He was nine miles from home, in the heart of a desolate track of marshland. Two dead men lay within a hundred yards of him, and a third was lowering on the border-land between life and death. One horse was dead and the other lame. He did not even know the road to Salt Hall, and the gathering darkness made it almost impossible for him to find his way over a piece of country that was crossed and recrossed in every direction by dykes and channels.

Gramphorn made his way back to the side of the young engineer, and, tearing strips of linen from his shirt, succeeded in partially staunching the blood which flowed from the wound in the right lung. It was difficult work in the darkness, and several minutes had elapsed before he had completed his task. He then set to work to find Lord Beauvaut's horse. The animal, frightened by the firing, had moved nearly a quarter of a mile down the road, and it took Gramphorn more than a quarter of an hour to find her. He sprang into the saddle and resolved to ride till the mare dropped under him.

Far off in the south a small yellow light twinkled like a star. As far as Gramphorn could judge, it lay in the direct line to Salt Hall. It was probably the home of some small farmer, or of some watchman of the oyster fisheries. He kept it before his eyes as his one sure landmark in an unknown land.

"Stanton must be saved," he muttered to himself, as he urged his lame horse along the dim road. "Stanton must be saved, for I certainly owe him my life."

(To be continued.)

Before Starting for the PALACE

NEXT SATURDAY. Sept. 24.

All the readers of the "Daily Mirror" are sure to have absorbed every line of

Our Thrilling New Serial

REMEMBER SATURDAY NEXT, Sept. 24.

itself into a sitting posture. In the twilight the whole appearance of the man suggested a wolf ready to spring on its prey.

"Who are you?" asked Gramphorn, after a pause in which he had succeeded in partially staunching the blood which flowed from his finger. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Come up to the top of the bank," growled the man; "I can't see you against the light. I want to see your face. It will do me good to see your face," and he burst into a low, hysterical laugh which died away in a snarl like that of a wild beast. Gramphorn did not move. He saw that he had a madman to deal with, and he was wondering how he could best outwit him.

"Come up, I say!" yelled the man. "Marry, come up; marry, come up! and it's high-oh, for a holiday! Come up, curse your black soul, or I will fire."

Gramphorn stumbled up the bank. He was at the man's mercy, and the lunatic had to be humoured. A gaunt arm shot out and pointed to a place some twelve feet distant. Gramphorn reached it and stood on a narrow pathway searching the surrounding country with his keen eyes.

He saw nothing that offered any solution of the difficult problem which confronted him. There was not a house within two miles of the spot. To east and west, to north and south lay the marshland intersected with winding creeks. Seaward the bank was already swathed in darkness, but to the west a few pools of water still flamed with a dull crimson reflected from the sky above. Only the wail of a curlew broke the silence. It was a scene full of peace and quietude, and Gramphorn recalled Lord Beauvaut's eulogies. It was more probable that both of them would find rest there, without seeking far for it—rest for all eternity. The thought of Lord Beauvaut lying there on the grassy road recalled him to the necessity for action.

"What is it you want?" he asked abruptly, as though speaking to a clerk or servant.

"To—kill—you," the man replied, dwelling on

I may see you die. The hour has come. Are you ready for death?"

"It sounds like an Adelphi melodrama," said Gramphorn; but for all that he looked anxiously into the gathering twilight. The east side of the bank was almost in darkness, but to the west he could distinguish the dead horse and the motionless form of Lord Beauvaut.

"It is God's own truth," cried the man. "Are you afraid to die, you who have sent so many to their death?"

"I should like a minute or two," Gramphorn replied humbly. "I am a sinful man. I am not prepared to die. I—"

"I will give you two minutes. See, I will count a hundred, so: one, two, three—"

Gramphorn was driven into a corner. If he wished to live he must escape. In the twilight he could probably roll swiftly down the bank and vanish into the gathering darkness. Yet he could not leave Lord Beauvaut at the mercy of a madman. He was a man accustomed to decide quickly, yet he scarcely knew what to do. The face of John Stirling came to him, and life seemed very sweet.

Then suddenly he fancied that something stirred in the darkness on the east side of the bank. A faint swish of grass came to his ears. The gloom was impenetrable, and he could see nothing. But he was certain that something had moved and was still moving. Perhaps it was only Lord Beauvaut's horse.

"Seventy-five," cried Stirling, "seventy-six—seventy-seven—seventy-eight," and so on, and each numeral sounded to Gramphorn like the clang of a passing bell.

"Ninety-six—ninety-seven—ninety-eight," rang out the inextinguishable voice. "Ninety—The word was never finished. Something sprang out of the darkness and hurled itself at the man who sat as judge and executioner. There was a long screech of pain, then two revolver shots in quick succession. Then another cry which rose to a roar and died away in a wail like that of a dying animal. Then

PROFESSOR CAUGHT NAPPING.

Ruse of a Journalist to Interview the King of Linguists.

Professor Trombetti, the king of linguists, was so pestered by journalists in Rome that his patience at last gave way, and when cornered by the gentlemen of the Press his language became distinctly lurid.

One day, says the Rome correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," as he was coming out of the central post-office, a frank-looking young man stepped up to him, and, holding out his hand, said, "I am so glad to make your acquaintance, I have been trying to find you for days."

"And may I inquire with whom I am speaking?" "Why, I am X—!" Not near enough, to be sure, but near enough to offer you congratulations," etc.

Professor Trombetti, reassured, and glad to get hold of someone to unburden himself to, took the stranger's arm, and as they went down the street, gave, in emphatic terms, a description of his sufferings, his opinion of journalists, and, incidentally, much information about himself which the papers had been vainly sighing for.

Finally they parted with an engagement for dinner the next evening.

That night the Professor was sitting tranquilly in a restaurant, the observed of all observers, when suddenly he was sent to spring to his feet with a smothered exclamation.

His friends crowded about for an explanation, but he could only sit down weakly, and point to his newspaper, the "Giornale d'Italia."

There, in large print, were his imprudent revelations of the afternoon. He had been "done" by a journalist.

THE MOST INGENUOUS MONEY BOXES EVER MADE.

THE "DAILY MAIL" SAVINGS BANK.

Saves any Amount up to £5 19s. 6d.

TAKES SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCES ONLY. BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED.

It saves money for you and costs but ONE SHILLING.

These little Banks help you to save money. You make up your mind as to what amount you want to save and set the Bank accordingly. The coins once inserted cannot be extracted until the full amount settled on is made up. Each coin is registered on the outside of the box, where the amount still required is shown. Simplicity itself and beautifully made. Full directions given with each box.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE SAVINGS BANK.

Saves any amount up to 10s. 11½d.

TAKES PENNIES AND HALF-PENNIES ONLY. BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED.

A money saver which costs only ONE SHILLING.

BEGIN TO SAVE AT ONCE. GET A BOX TO-DAY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Of all Newsagents and Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

ROYALTY AND THE VOGUE FOR MINIATURES—A HANDSOME BRIDGE GOWN.

BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENTS.

AN OLD-WORLD FASHION REVIVED AGAIN.

Can any portrait that does not produce the colouring of the beloved one, her lovely complexion hints, her glossy hair, her speaking eyes and cherry lips, be as entrancing as one that does? Most assuredly not, and that is why miniatures are always so greatly prized. For and men, no indeed, than the best photograph in the world.

Everyone Wants Them.

The vogue of the miniature has been revived now, and everyone with any pretensions to smartness has her own portrait and that of her children painted on ivory, either to wear or to hang on the wall, or to keep enshrined on velvet in an ornamental case.

Men are less seldom portrayed by the miniaturist than women and children, because their more robust colouring does not demand the delicate treatment of the brush, so imperiously as does that of the rest of humanity. But especially in uniform, a great number of the sterner sex are now being painted, though not so many as in the Georgian days of powdered perukes, when the lords of creation were committed to ivory just as often as women were.

Before Photography Arrived.

At that period, when photography was, of course, an unknown art, men paid huge sums for tiny pictures of their womenfolk, sometimes even ordering one eye to be painted, instead of the whole face. "Beloved eye" miniatures were in great request in those gallant days. Nor did men disdain to wear the miniatures they treasured set in brilliants, dangling from a long and narrow band of black moiré ribbon, though frequently the miniature itself was discreetly tucked inside the coat, and only the ribbon remained to hint its presence.

Royal Dog Miniatures.

In our own times another cult has arisen—namely, that for miniatures of favourite pets, and especially of dogs. The King and Queen possess numbers of portraits of their dogs, set in gold frames, and hung in cabinets and upon the walls of their various palaces. Princess Victoria has had her pet doves painted, and cats are the subject of the miniaturist's art in hundreds of cases.

One Christiana, the King gave away many miniatures of their pets to members of the Royal Family, and he himself received one of a favourite dog, which, alas! died soon afterwards, making his portrait all the more precious to his royal master. Some society devotees of dogs actually wear their pets' miniatures as pendants, but as a rule these pretty pictures are hung in the boudoir.

Exquisite Child Portraiture.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have their children's miniatures painted in the various stages of their babyhood, surely the very prettiest possible manner of perpetuating the lovely tints and rounded charms of infancy, and this vogue is spreading into all grades of society, so much so indeed that the jewellers are selling pearlescent crystal lockets to take them or lockets surrounded with diamonds. They are frequently worn on a slender gold or platinum chain that surrounds the throat, or dangles from a bracelet on the wrist.

Having said this much about the craze for miniatures, one of the most sensible, on account of its beauty, that modern art has learned from the past, it remains to mention that the *Daily Mirror* miniatures, which are permanent and life-like, are the most wonderfully inexpensive and pretty ornaments it is possible to obtain. They are purchasable at 2s. 11d. and 3s. 3d. each; the former mounted as a pendant, the latter as a brooch. The best bevelled glasses are used in these beautiful miniatures, and as the announcement to be found on page 16 will disclose, it is very easy to ensure a perfect miniature by replying to the questions set forth there.

BABY IN JAPAN.

A hundred gifts in various shapes are offered to the Japanese baby; toys, of course, and pieces of cotton, silk or crepe, invariably with a happy owner in their design, which are a joy to the mother. The servers will be busy with the baby's dress under the supervision of the grandmother. It will be no slight affair if the baby is a boy, and especially if it be the first son.

Parties coming with their congratulations will begin to stream into the house the very next morning after the announcement of baby's arrival. They will bring dried fish or a box of eggs to express their good wishes, which will be returned in some form of present when the child is two weeks old.

Making Money

Fels-Naptha turns 2½ into 2/6 on washday 52 times a year, if you go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C

STAKES AT BRIDGE.

A GOOD GAME EVEN WITHOUT GAMBLING.

The Queen, who plays Bridge regularly, has always set her face resolutely against gambling, and will not allow any member of her entourage to play for even moderately high stakes.

Her Majesty invariably plays the very modest game of one shilling a hundred points. The Queen's nephew, the Crown Prince of Greece, on the other hand, plays Bridge for tenpenny points, with twenty-five shillings on the rubber, and these are the usual stakes with a number of foreign royalties.

Although there are still a great number of people who, like the Queen, play Bridge for the love of the game, there is a growing tendency to regard it as a means of money-making pure and simple.

ABOUT FURS.

BRIEF NOTES ON THE NEW SEASON'S MODES.

Fur is being used in narrow bands on the sleeves and edges of evening wraps.

Short-haired furs are to reign supreme this season, and long coats of the finest skins will be seen. Clifton velours, with fur trimmings, is making several smart little carriage wraps, and the soft taffetas is enjoying a great vogue, made in the pelerine manner with fur edgings.

Mink and sable sack coats, as well as those of caracul and moleskin, will still be worn, but short and three-quarter fitted jackets will be more smart than these.

For trimming purposes on expensive coats, sable paws are being used, while sable-dyed squirrel is



Bridge and poker players (and poker is rapidly becoming a very smart game) like dresses that fulfill the obligations of both afternoon and evening toilettes. The picture above shows a gown that answers to these demands. It is made of supple satin, the colour oyster white, over a rose pink petticoat founced with lace. The high bodice is a most fashionable freak at this time of the year in country houses for evening wear, and this one, though it is principally a composition in white and cream, has touches of pink about it in the form of quiltings of mousseline and satin, mingled at the edge of the drapery.

One who knows a great deal about the inner life of society people affirms that a certain peeress's daughter, who is allowed £150 a year for dress, makes £1,000 a year at Bridge. On the other hand, it is stated that one society heiress last season lost no less than £30,000.

At a number of clubs the game is played for shilling points with 45 on the rubber—a game at which an unlucky player can easily lose £100 in the afternoon. Penny points, with 41 on the rubber, are, however, the rule in the majority of London clubs.

Soft flannels, mousselines, delaines, voiles, and other thin fabrics make charming rest gowns. A floral buckle and shaded ribbons, with plenty of Valenciennes lace, constitute the trimming.

a fur that is being made up into pretty coats and muffs.

The perishable quality of chinchilla puts this pet in the background, except for the wealthy; it is, however, to be much in evidence on millinery.

A black pony skin with a caracul effect is produced as a novelty, and should sell well, as it wears far better than the cheap real lambskins, and is an excellent imitation.

Calf-skin in its natural colouring, known as "petra," is a novelty. The skins with fawn and white markings are chosen, and make splendid motor coats.

There is an effort being made to reintroduce bear this season for stoles, muffs, and neckwear generally.

A DAY'S OUTING.

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Exactly, so we would, you say, if it weren't that for each child we had a big sum of money to pay for the treat.

I reply with a suggestion. Read the announcement on pages 3 and 10 of what the *Daily Mirror* will do for you, and you will perceive that on Saturday next you will be able to get free admission for them all and yourself into the bargain. I will say no more, only read and see.

SAGE SAYINGS.

The noisiest grief sometimes laughs the soonest. Love querulous is bad, but love garrulous is maddening.

A guilty future need cause no anxiety if one keeps the present guiltless.

The self-enamoured are never difficult to entertain. They most prize a good listener.

The distinction between a clever and a stupid woman is that one talks longer and the other says more.

Do not Marry



without having a "Dalli," for the "Dalli" is indispensable to every well-ordered household. Being heated in a few minutes, without any fire or gas at all little ironing jobs can be done quickly and on the spot, either indoors or out of doors. The linen can always be kept in good condition without upsetting the household. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell. Hot in a few minutes, and retains the heat. Price of the "Dalli" is 6s. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel 1/6 per box of 128 blocks. To be had of all ironmongers. If any difficulty apply to the DALLI STOCKING FURS CO., 22, Milton Street, London, E.C. Beware of worthless imitations.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT AMERICAN DENTIST

J. W. Lyon D.D.S.

Mme. DOWDING,

The Leading Corsetiere.

Under Royal and Distinguished Patronage.

The ELITE.



From 21/- TO 6 Guineas.

Sizes in Stock: From 16 in. to 36 in. waist.

GENTS' BELTS AND CORSETS A SPECIALITY.

(All communications strictly private in Belt Department.) PARADY HOUSE, 8 & 10, Charing Cross Road (Opposite National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)

AMATEUR "STARS."

Crowds of Aspirants to Music-Hall Honours.

Young men who have never had a music-hall engagement are this week given a unique chance of taking the first step towards becoming music-hall stars.

This grand opportunity is offered by the managers of the Cambridge Music-hall, Commercial-street, E., who offers money prizes and a week's engagement at the hall to the winners in a singing competition. Singers of comic songs only are eligible, but they may dress in character or not, as they please. As there may be great variety of opinion as to what a comic song is this important question is decided by the manager.

As might have been expected, the ambitious youth of the East have flocked in hundreds to the hall. So numerous were the applicants that when they were weeded out over two hundred candidates for the shoes of Dan Leno and his confreres remained. To close the competition by Friday night an "overflow" had to be arranged, for which prizes similar to those for the original competition will be given.

On page 8 will be found pictures of five of the competitors who have succeeded in singing their way into the semi-final. George Simson, of Hoxton, who impersonates Harry Lauder, is easily favourite for the first prize.

The competition gives a key to the relative popularity of music-hall stars. The imitators of Harry Lauder are the most numerous, while George Robey and Gus Elen divide second honours.

IS IT YOUR HOUSE?

Chance to Win Two Guineas in an Easy Way.

Is the house photographed on page 8 the one in which you live?

It is the first of a series of houses in Romford, Chelmsford, Colchester, Southend, Clacton, and Ipswich taken by the *Daily Mirror* photographer for a new competition.

If the tenant recognises this house within a week and applies to the *Mirror* he will be awarded two guineas.

Every application must be accompanied by a letter stating that the applicant is the tenant who is responsible to the landlord for the whole of the rent.

House-hunting thus becomes invested with a new charm.

Look out for your house in the *Mirror*.

TEA-CANISTER BATTLE.

Yesterday a score or so of grave-faced Master Grocers solemnly mixed tea at the Agricultural Hall.

The task set was to produce the best tasting "blends" retailable at 1s. 8d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. Expert judges will take some time to award the prizes.

A dreadful menace to limited companies and branch shops is conclusively proved by the fact that Mr. S. Scowcroft, of Bromley Cross, has won the first prize for best showing how these dreadful monsters can be combated by the private grocer.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.—How Money Makes Money.—Post free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made £10 can make from £5 to £10 profit per week! Not so bad, is it? Capital returnable at any moment.—Hidley and Baines, 15, Vauxhall, London, E.C.

ADVANCE your income 20s. weekly; samples free.—D. M. 166, High-st., Haverhill.

FIVE POUNDS to £200 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approval note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write for full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 238, Cornhill, London, E.C.

HERBS to Money, Property, Income, on death of friends by will or settlements.—Lans, England or Scotland; £100 to £500 at 5, £1,000 to £10,000, 4 p.c. per annum arranged from trust funds; prospectus free.—Fawcett and Co., Experts, 109, Chancery-lane, London.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY (not free).—Everyone with a few pounds spare capital should write for above pamphlet, showing how £10 may be invested and return £2 10s. weekly profit; large or smaller amounts in proportion; no hazardous risk or speculation; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—control—Howard, Marshall, and Co., 105, Leadenhall-st., London.

LOANS—£10 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.; 4 p.c. by post.—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

LOANS—£50 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post.—Apply Gough, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

MONEY.—For private loans, £15 upwards, without surcharge.—George Banks, Eagle-st., London.

MR. GRAINGER Advances Cash on Note of Hand, privately, without surcharge or preliminary fees, from £15 to £500; repayable by easy instalments.—Write actual lender, No. 62, St. Mary-st., Walthamstow, Essex.

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of interest apply to the old-established bank discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write for full particulars to the actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Islington-green, Islington, London.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

HUMBER Motor-Bicycle, 2-h.p.; new condition; biggest bargain ever offered; £15.75, Lorrimer-road, Kennington, S.E.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 2 and 16.

COOK PLASMON

with your food.

PLASMON

makes all food Nourishing.

Nourishing food helps you to Work.
Nourishing food helps you to Think.

Plasmon in Packets, 9d., 1/4 and 2/6. Full Directions and Cookery Recipes with each Packet. At all Chemists, Grocers and Stores.
SPECIAL COOKERY BOOK SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.
International Plasmon, Ltd., 66a, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Thrifty Housewife's

30/-

DRESS PARCEL

2/6 Deposit and balance 4/- Monthly

CONTENTS:
6 Yards DOUBLE WIDTH DRESS MATERIAL. Black or Coloured in all the Latest Shades.
2 YARDS BODY LINING (to match).
4 Yards LINENETTE or SATIN.
12 Yards SUPERIOR (HARD WEAR) LONGCLOTH.
6 SUPERFINE LADIES' HEMMED STITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS.
1 ELEGANT SILVER MOUNTED UMBRELLA.

A VERY FAIR OFFER.

If you send us a Postcard we will send you (Free of Charge) cuttings of all the materials mentioned. After careful examination, if they please you, send us

2/6 and we will at once 30/- DRESS PARCEL.

NO SECURITY OR REFERENCES REQUIRED.

Your Money Returned in Full if Goods are not approved.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, Ltd.

(Dept. G.) 72, 74, 76 & 78, OLD KENT RD. LONDON (City End).

BATH CHAIRS AND BABY CARRIAGES.

Supplied on Easy Terms from 6/- per Month.

Enjoying the use of same while it is being paid. Designs Post Free.

W. J. HARRIS & CO., LIMITED.

51, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, and Branches.

NO PRYING EYES

NOR LISTENING EARS

Have access to the business relations between you and us. The London and Provincial Furnishing Co.

FURNISH

ON CREDIT AT CASH PRICES

Artistically Strongly and Privately. Everything for the home. Nothing too large, nothing too small.

Monthly Terms:

£10 2/6 £20 5/6 £30 8/6 £40 11/6 £50 14/6

6s. 7/6 12s. 10/6 18s. 13/6 24s. 16/6 30s. 19/6

Phototype Catalogue post free. We pack and deliver free up to 3/6 miles. Telephone 845 Central.

248-249-250, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.

ESTABLISHED 1745.

48-49, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.

Nearly opp. Suburban Entrance G.E.R. Station.

FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE & SPIRIT HOUSE

OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.

Noted for Good Value, Purity, and Low Prices. All

Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, Dozen, or Gallon. Free deliveries in Town or Country. Write for

History of House, with full Price List, sent gratis on

mentioning this paper.

HOW TO GROW TALL

A Startling Discovery That Will Revolutionise the Physical Condition of Mankind.

Why remain Short and Stunted when You may learn Free the secret of How to Grow Tall?

No matter how short you are or what your age, you can increase your height.

No new discovery has attracted more attention in the scientific world than that made by K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, N.Y. Mr. Minges is to



short men and women what the great wizard, Edison, is to electricity. He has gathered more information relative to bone, muscle, and sinew than anyone else in existence. Making people grow tall has been a hobby with Mr. Minges for years, and the results he has accomplished are startling to a high degree. By his method every man or woman not over fifty years of age can be made to grow from two to five inches in height, and anyone older than that may increase his height perceptibly. His method has the endorsement of leading physicians, and several prominent educational institutions have adopted it for the better physical development of their pupils. If you would like to increase your height you should read the book which tells how this remarkable discovery was made and reveals to you the secrets of how to grow tall. It is free. You are not asked to spend a single cent, and if you desire it we will send you the statement of hundreds who have grown from two to five inches in height by following this method. The results are quickly accomplished. Many have grown as much as three inches in two months. There is no inconvenience, no drugs or medicines, no operation. Merely the application of a scientific principle in a perfectly hygienic and harmless way. Your most intimate friends need not know what you are doing. All communications will be sent in plain envelopes. The book, "The Secrets of How to Grow Tall," contain illustrations that will interest and instruct anyone. One thousand of these books will be given away absolutely free, postage prepaid, while the present edition lasts. If you want to grow tall, write to-day, in strictest confidence, for a free copy, using a penny postcard or a 2d. stamp. Address, The Cartilage Co., Dept. 7F, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Consumption Can be Cured.

At Last a Remedy has been found that cures Consumption.

Marvellous as it may seem after centuries of failure, a remedy has been discovered that has cured the Deadly Consumption even in the advanced stages of the disease. No one will longer doubt that consumption can be cured after reading the proof of hundreds of cases cured by this wonderful discovery—some after change of climate and all other remedies tried, had failed, and the cases had been pronounced hopeless of cure. This new remedy has also proved itself effective and speedy in curing Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and many serious throat and lung troubles. In order that all in need of this wonderful product of science may test its efficacy for themselves, a company has been formed to give it to the world, and a Free Trial Treatment can be obtained by writing the Derek P. Yonkers Co., Ltd., Dept. 170, 6, Boulevard Street, London, E.C. Send no money. Simply mention this paper and ask for the Free Treatment. It will be sent you by return of post, carriage paid.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Don't wait if you have any of the symptoms of consumption, if you have chronic catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, pains in your chest, a cold on your lungs, or any throat or lung trouble, write to-day for the free trial treatment and book of instructions, and cure yourself before it is too late.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

It is now within the reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard—A Free Trial Package of a Marvellous Home Remedy Posted to All Who Write for It.

Can be given in Tea, Coffee, or Food, thus absolutely and Secretly Curing the Patient in a Short Time without his knowledge.

There is a cure for drunkenness which has shed a radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate freeways. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. The Company who have this great remedy ready to send to you, will write for it. Enough of this remedy is posted in this way to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quickly and permanently.



A lady residing in Manchester used the remedy as described above, and her experience, told in her own words, will quite likely interest all women deeply. Mrs. says: "Yes, I used Anti-Drunk Home, 305, Regent-street, and completely cured him. He was a hard drinker, a good man when sober, but for years I lived in fear and dread, shame and despair, poverty and disgrace. How shall I tell other women about it? Is it not a wonderful thing that a woman can take matters in her own hands and stamp out this dreadful curse to the home? I am glad you are going to publish my experience, for then I know that it will reach hundreds of other poor souls, and they will cure their husbands just as I cured mine. I am so grateful for the marvellous changes that have come into my life that I feel like I would do anything to let every wife and mother know what a blessing Antidrink is. I honestly believe it will cure any drunkard, no matter how far down he may have fallen. Faithfully yours, Mrs. (Full address sent to bona-fide applicants.)"

Hundreds of others are reported, even the worst cases, where the habit seems to have blotted out the last remaining spark of self-respect. Tears and prayers are of no use. Pleasings, pledges, loss of social and business position, and all other means to stem the tide of absolute depravity.

This famous remedy has re-united thousands of scattered families; it has saved thousands of men to social and business prominence and public respect; has guided many a young man into the right road to fortune; has saved the father, the brother, the son, and in many cases the wife and daughter too. Such a godsend to the home should be known to everyone. Upon application to the Derek P. Yonkers Co., Ltd., 305, Regent-street, London, W., they will post a free package of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it. Books, testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace. Send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 5), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed Courts and Co. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

SUPPLY-COOK or Working Housekeeper: good reference. -L.C., 66, Malmesbury, Gunning Town.

Miscellaneous.

LADY Recommends a black boy: would do any work in hotel, etc. -Write Mrs. B., 45, New Bond-st., W.

SITUATION Required by a smart, steady, young man (waiter), to mind a motor-car and make himself generally useful; willing and obliging. -Address A.E. 101, Mare-st, Hackney.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

BETWEEN-MAID wanted at once for town: must be experienced; one who had been a general preferred; wages 21/- 41/- -Write Y.B., Bond-street, 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK-GENERAL and a Nurse-Housemaid required immediately; small family. -Write 1569, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

COOK-GENERAL wanted immediately; small family; wages 42/- for Kensington. -Call at once, Mrs. M., 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSE-PAURMAID wanted, October 6; cook and morning girl kept; wages £10, all found; no beer. -Mrs. Shuter, 91, Shooter's Hill-road, Blackheath.

KITCHEN-MAID single-handed, wanted for Kensington; 5 servants kept; wages £18. -Write Y.K., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

KITCHEN-MAID wanted for private hotel at Brighton; wages £16-18. -Write Y.H., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

LADY Help wanted: one little girl; servant kept -45, Highfield-rd, Doncaster.

NURSE-HOUSEMAID wanted for Hampstead; one child; wages £16. -Write Y.D., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

NURSEMAID (experienced) wanted, about October 18; two boys 10 and 2 -Apply by letter, Powell, 31, Grove Park-garden, Chiswick, W.

ORIGINAL -"Servants' League"; members wanted; quite free. -Write particulars (stamp reply) Secretary, "The Mail Registry," 61a, The Mall, Ealing, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Miscellaneous.

ADVERTISMENT Writers earn from 45 pence per week; you can learn quickly; illustrated prospectus free. -Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st., London, W.

AGENTS wanted; Kyi-Koi; 6d. packet saves 3 ton of coal; one agent's profit, 6d. packet 10/- 10/-; you can do this. -Ky, 101, Houl, Doncaster.

PRINTS -Persons wanted who could print a small number of cards and postcards in town or country; good prices. -Addressed envelope, A. 5, Great James-st, W.C.

M (a young) wanted to represent a well-known firm; liberal terms and good prospects to suitable applicant. -Apply H., 1565, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

VOCAL and instrumental vacancies for talent; resident and other scholarships; London Conservatoire; seaside branch. Camden Lodge, Littlehampton. -Particulars, Secretary, 62, Queen-st, Bayswater.

GARDENING.

THE IMPERIAL SUPPLY STORES.
PATRONISED BY THE NOBILITY.
CONTRACTORS TO HIS MAJESTY'S IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.
EVERYTHING OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY ONLY.
ALL BULBS GUARANTEED FLOWERING SIZE.

100 ASSORTED BULBS for 1s. -Guaranteed Full Flowering Size. -25 Hyacinths, 70 Tulips, 30 Narcissus and Daffodils, 40 Iris, 40 Sparax, 10 Crocus, and 125 Iris. This magnificent collection of 500 Choice bulbs sent securely packed, free on rail, for 5/- or 4/- Shilling Sample of 100 Assorted as above, securely packed in strong box, 4/- 1/-; free on rail.

SHOW COLLECTION -500 Named Bulbs (packed separately), 11 heavy bulbs, suitable for show or display, 20 Hyacinths (all different and named), 40 Tulips in 5 named varieties, 40 Narcissus in 4 named sorts, 20 Double Daffodils, 20 Single Jonquils, 30 Crocus in 4 named sorts and 80 Iris in 5 named sorts. This superb collection will make a really gorgeous display. Carriage and packing free, only 2s. 6d. Monthly worth a guinea.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.
IMPERIAL SUPPLY STORES, 412, Crampton-st, Newington Butts, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BORD'S Pianos. -25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14, 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grans, from 25s.; upright grans, 17s. 6d.; cottages, 10s. 6d. to 15s. per month on 12 or 3 years' instalment. -Singer and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

EXCEPTIONAL Bargain. -Beautiful Irish piano Piano by first-class makers; as new; £14-15-67. "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

UPRIGHT -These come new, 20 by 16; 25s. -Russell & Co., 42, Clifford-st, Newport.

PIANO -Upright grand; nearly new; sacrifice £15-5-1. -Lathbury-rd, Dares-rd, Fulham.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate. -Founded 94 years. -High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.R.R. -"The Buff"; junior school for boys under 13; 45-pence illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

MOTOR INDUSTRY. -Smart men desiring situations as drivers and mechanics should obtain the prospectus of The Motor House, where tuition can be obtained. The only fully-equipped school in Great Britain. -Call, or write to The Motor House, 366-368, Euston-rd, London, N.W.

BOARD RESIDENCE & APARTMENTS.

LADY has 3 unfurnished rooms to let; ladies only. -Apply No. 3, Warrington-gardens, Maida Vale, W.

LADY offers good home to young, educated person, who will pay 10/- weekly and assist in light duties. -Write 1297, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.



CALORIT is not the name of a patent food, but is a simple process by which hot food can be obtained in five minutes. The tin of preserved food is fitted with a jacket containing a solid and a liquid, and by the simple act of piercing the jacket these two unite and generate heat.

16, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Let us have your Photograph To-day.

BEAUTIFUL, HIGH-CLASS MINIATURES,

PERMANENT AND GUARANTEED LIFE-LIKE. . . 2/11 (postage 1d. extra.)

Effected in the highest style of water-colour art, giving a charming, ivory-like finish, and a realistic and accurate portrait. The whole encircled in an elegant mount made of the best rolled gold. Permanent. Packed in a beautiful velvet and silk-lined case. These handsome Miniatures are possible only at this price because we are advertising the "Daily Mirror."

WE INVITE YOU to call at our West End Office, 45, New Bond Street, and look at them. We know that if you once see them you will certainly want to possess one. You can leave your photograph at the same time.

Exquisitely finished.

The Best Bevelled Glasses only used in these Beautiful Ornaments.

An Acceptable Gift.

VIEW OF THE PENDANT WITHOUT BOX.

"Daily Mirror" Pendant, in Silk and Velvet-lined Case, price complete 2/11.

How to Send for the Miniatures.

When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the Coupon below, enclose photograph, and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror".....
[Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

Name.....
Address.....
Colour of Hair..... Colour of Eyes.....
Complexion..... Dress.....

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Auctions.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA -Important to land speculators; within comfortable distance of railway station, the sea front, and electric tram. Ripe for immediate development.

MESSRS. PAYNE, TRAPPS and CO. beg to ANNOUNCE a SALE by AUCTION in a Room at the Westgate Hotel, Westgate-on-Sea, on **MONDAY, September 26, 1904**, of **68 CHOICE PLOTS of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND**, including several shops situate upon the main road. The whole will be sold free of title and lease tax. No law costs. 10 per cent. Usual terms. Lanchon will be provided free. Intending purchasers will leave Holborn Viaduct on morning of sale by the 10.40 train, calling at Herne Hill, Chatham (11 o'clock). Full particulars apply Messrs. Payne, Trapps and Co., 11, Queen Victoria-st., E.C.

LAINDON, Essex. Latchingdon (near Burnham-on-Crouch). To Speculators, Land Buyers, Tradespeople, and others.

MESSRS. PAYNE, TRAPPS and CO. beg to ANNOUNCE a SALE by AUCTION in a Room at the Westgate Hotel, Westgate-on-Sea, on **MONDAY, September 26, 1904**, of **68 CHOICE PLOTS of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND**, including several shops situate upon the main road. The whole will be sold free of title and lease tax. No law costs. 10 per cent. Usual terms. Lanchon will be provided free. Intending purchasers will leave Holborn Viaduct on morning of sale by the 10.40 train, calling at Herne Hill, Chatham (11 o'clock). Full particulars apply Messrs. Payne, Trapps and Co., 11, Queen Victoria-st., E.C.

CANVEY-ON-SEA. Essex. -Coming seaside resort; 2s. in the 4 miles immediate possession; only 29 miles from London to Beeston; electric tramway nearly complete to connect up the main line to Beeston. Ripe for development.

MR. F. W. B. HESTER will SELL by AUCTION on **THURSDAY, September 22**, in the sale room on the sea front, **40 PLOTS of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND**, situated on the main road and shell beach. Land and train leaves Fenchurch-street Station, No. 4 Platform, 10.40 East Ham, 11 o'clock. For full particulars and railway vouchers, apply Auctioneer, 145, Fenchurch-street, E.C. (Ladies' railway tickets, 2s. each; returnable if purchasers.)

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

"HOME." -An illustrated Magazine for House Hunters. -If you are looking for a house anywhere send post-card for a special copy (post free). -The Editor, 3, Brushfield-st, London, E.C.

TO Let -5-room Bungalow Cottage, with garden; in centre of village; Hainthorpe, near Stockbridge; permanent; £13 annual; taxes free. -Apply, 98, Mill-lane, N.W.

Land, Houses, Etc., Wanted.

WANTED at once to hire small country Cottage, within 30 miles of London, for 12 months. -Edwards, 1296, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

Flats to Let.

CHELSEA. -Small, self-contained Flat to let; three rooms, small kitchen, and entrance-hall; tastefully decorated with well fitted electric light; incline channel; 24-hour references required. -Apply M.D. Co., Ltd., 34, Victoria-st, S.W.

DULWICH. -Flats to let; only 9s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; good rooms; bath, etc.; high position; handsome building; good class tenants. -Apply Caretaker, Honor Oak-mansions, Uxbridge-rd, E. Dulwich.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

FREEHOLD. £250. -Pretty Bungalow, 5 rooms; 2 acres; 10 minutes main line station, 50 miles London; charming, healthy district; instruments, free deeds. -Home-steads (C) Ltd., 27, Essex-st, Strand, W.C.

OVERLOOKING Epping Forest. -Forest Lodge Estate, 4 Whippa Cross, Leyton, fitted electric light and gas; 24 feet frontage; 4 bed, bath, 2 reception-rooms; good gardens; near station and excellent market; freehold £200. £450 or less. -Apply, 45, Essex-st, Strand, W.C. (postage 10 per cent.; balance by easy instalments. -Tharp, 9, Norton Toleme, Brompton-st, E.

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